
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1800.

SKETCH
OF THE
RIGHT HON. HARVEY CHRISTIAN COMBE,
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Hail sacred polity—by freedom rear'd!

Hail sacred freedom—when by law restrain'd!

BEATTIE.

OUR plan embraces characters of every class, whose aim has been, either by their writings or by their actions, to benefit their country. It is a happy circumstance, that we live in that advanced state of society, that we are at no loss for eminent men to decorate the several numbers of our miscellany. Philosophers, statesmen, and divines, have already passed beneath our review. We now turn to Magistrates, a most useful and respectable order of the community. The individual who is now to engage our attention, is the Magistrate of the first city in the world!

HARVEY CHRISTIAN COMBE is the son of an eminent attorney at Andover, Hants, where he was born, about the year 1755. He had two brothers; the one a captain of the 55th regiment, who served in the American war; and the other, who in the

course of the present contest fell a sacrifice in the West Indies. It is said, upon good authority, that the present Lord Mayor served his apprenticeship to the late Boyce Tees, Esq. a corn factor, to whose estate he succeeded. He soon after became brewer. The premises in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, and Cross Street, Long Acre, belonging to Gifford and Co. were purchased. Business commenced under the firm of Shum, Combe, and Delafield, but the old name of Gifford and Co. is still preserved, and is now one of the most extensive breweries in London.

Mr. Combe was some time ago made Captain of the Aldgate Volunteers, and devoted much of his time to discharge the duties of his station. As an officer he acquitted himself with ability.

He was married in early life, and has a large family of children. In domestic life he bears an excellent character, and is indeed, in general much beloved by his connections.

He is one of the **FOUR** members for London; and in Parliament he watches with a commendable jealousy over the liberties of the people. He has proved himself in various instances the real friend of his country. In the present sketch, we would confine ourselves more particularly to his character as a Magistrate. In this department he now moves with peculiar lustre and dignity.

It is not our province either to detail or investigate the opposition which he experienced in his election to his present station. We will not even glance at the motives by which his antagonists are supposed to have been influenced. It is pretty generally known, that the principles on which he was opposed were not much to be applauded. In every corporation throughout the kingdom, measures should be followed, which uniformly tend to peace and amity.

In Britain, it is our felicity, that power is distributed through the various orders of the people, from the

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king on the the throne down to the petty constable of a secluded district. Every stage has its sphere in which the commissioned individual is to move—each department has its duties, which should be discharged with fidelity. Thus we have an opportunity of emerging out of obscurity by the proper exercise of our talents, and by our exertions towards our fellow-creatures. Incitements are thus afforded to additional industry and activity.

The duties of a Magistrate are, at all times, numerous and important. In *these* times, they are accompanied with a more than usual degree of difficulty. The want and scarcity with which we are now oppressed must occasion a spirit of murmuring and discontent among the lower classes of the people; unable, and oftentimes unwilling, to ascertain the real causes of their distress, they break out into outrages of the most atrocious kind. These circumstances, even in apprehension, are unpleasant, and must render the situation of magistrates, of high responsibility. Every intelligent citizen will feel the force of these observations.

The present Lord Mayor, all things considered, has acquitted himself to the Public with universal approbation. To his duties he has attended with an uninterrupted regularity. In the distribution of justice he has been studious of equity. His entertainments have been large and liberal. Impartiality in his official capacity has been the special object of his attention, and must endear his character to his fellow-citizens, with whom he has hitherto lived on terms of the most perfect harmony.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XL.]

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Love makes the music of the blest above;
 Heaven's harmony is universal love!

COWPER.

THE contentions which have arisen respecting truth and error must afford matter of serious meditation to a mind distinguished for thought and sensibility. Such was the mind of Cowper, and such was the theme by which his powers were exercised in the drawing up of the present production. Few individuals speculated more ingeniously on every subject which can engage human attention. It was the peculiar talent of our poet to embellish the plainest theme—to render even the most abstract, engaging and impressive. This shewed no common degree of ability. Such is the divine power of genius, that it can turn a *wilderness into a fruitful field—and make the desert blossom as a rose!* This remark has been suggested by the perusal of Mr. Cowper's poems; for, touching on almost every subject, his manner of treating it has commanded our admiration.

The *Progress of Error* is a most curious subject, and here it is advantageously illustrated. In general, the poet shews that strict attention, patient enquiry, and an unblemished life, are the chief pre-requisites for the attainment of truth. By these means shall we avoid error of any consequence, thus ensuring both our present and future felicity! The introductory paragraph explains the nature and design of his poem:

Sing, muse, (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
 May find a muse to grace it with a song)
 By what unseen and unsuspected arts
 The serpent error twines round human hearts;

Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The pois'nous, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.

Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end;
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;
Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display
Shines as it runs, but, grasp'd at, slips away.

Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage;
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalists unrighteous plan,
Say, to what bar amenable were man?
With nought in charge, he could betray no trust;
And, if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense is both unjust alike.
Divine authority within his breast
Brings ev'ry thought, word, action, to the test;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
Heav'n from above, and conscience from within,
Cries in his startled ear—Abstain from sin!
The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue, as its sure reward;
And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
 Must be supplied with objects of his choice,
 Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
 Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;
 Those open on the spot their honey'd store;
 These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
 His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
 Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
 Here various motives his ambition raise—
 Pow'r, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise;
 There beauty woos him with expanded arms;
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures, less refin'd,
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
 Seek to supplant his inexperience'd youth,
 Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
 Hourly allurements on his passions press,
 Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in th' excess.

After some satirical remarks on *profligate clergymen* of every sect, he makes these severe but just remarks on the *common mode of education* amongst us. In the training up of youth, the *MORALS* require constant and invariable attention.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years;
 The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
 And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
 That education gives her, false or true.
 Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong;
 Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
 And, without discipline, the fav'rite child,
 Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
 But we, as if good qualities would grow
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow;
 We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek;
 Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;
 And, having done, we think, the best we can,
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

From school to Cam or Isis ; and thence home ;
And thence, with all convenient speed, to Rome,
With rev'rend tutor, clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with, all day ;
With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down ;
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart ;
With much to learn, but nothing to impart,
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands.
Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals, built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high, much like our own ;
But show peculiar light by many a grin
At popish practices observ'd within.

Ere long, some bowing, smirking, smart abbé,
Remarks two loit'ers that have lost their way ;
And being always prim'd with *politesse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task
To tell them more than they have wit to ask :
Points to inscriptions wheresoe'er they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read,
But, being canker'd now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt ;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose ;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculean pots and pans ;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserv'd with care.

Strange the recital ! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shame-fac'd no more,
But teems with pow'rs he never felt before :
Whether increas'd momentum, and the force
With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go)
Chaf'd him, and brought dull nature to a glow ;

Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flow'rs so sweet and fair,
Fresh'ning his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially, and spread the man;
Returning, he proclaims, by many a grace,
By shrugs, and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!

The *Press* is thus accurately and poetically characterised :

How shall I speak thee, or thy pow'r address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel,
Diffus'd, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise!
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies!
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

The *vanity of authorship* is thus faithfully delineated, and makes us smile :

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears,
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventured far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream;
And daily, more enamour'd of the cheat,
Kneels, and asks heav'n to bless the dear deceit.
So one, whose story serves at least to show
Men lov'd their own productions long ago,
Woo'd an unfeeling statue for his wife,
Nor rested till the gods had given it life.
If some mere driv'ler suck the sugar'd fib,
One that still needs his leading-string and bib,

And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
In praise applied to the same part—his head
For 'tis a rule, that holds for ever true,
Grant *me* discernment, and I grant it *you*.

We next meet with a portrait of the *contentious disputant* under the influence of *error* :

Patient of contradiction, as a child
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild !
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke :
Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to set him right.
First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders ; that his error leads
To fatal ills ; that, though the path he treads
Be flow'ry, and he see no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there ;
In vain ; the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats ;
New rais'd objections with new quibbles meets ;
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs ; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by ev'ry wind !

The next paragraph is replete with instruction ;—it is a kind of practical conclusion :

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill ;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will ;
And, with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size ;
One leg by truth supported, one by lies ;
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain ;
And these, reciprocally, those again.

The mind and conduct mutually imprint
 And stamp their image in each other's mint :
 Each, sire and dam of an infernal race,
 Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
 For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
 Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
 It err but little from th' intended line,
 It falls at last far wide of his design :
 So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,
 Must watch his purpose with a stedfast eye ;
 That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
 The least obliquity is fatal here.

With caution taste the sweet Circean cup :
 He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
 Habits are soon assum'd ; but, when we strive,
 To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive!

To the *last four lines* we particularly call the attention of our young readers. It contains a caution absolutely necessary to be observed for our own welfare and felicity. The victims of habit can bear testimony to the truth of the observation : such an aphorism, impressed on the youthful mind, will prove of inconceivable utility.

Thus have we extracted a few passages from a poem which we have often read with pleasure. The ingenious manner after which it is discussed, and the practical purposes to which it is applied, have always struck our attention. Mr. Cowper in all his pieces discovers a mind impregnated with knowledge and enriched with the finest vein of poetry. His acquaintance with human nature, and his intimacy with the classics, fitted him for the delineation of most subjects. *Error*, the subject of his present flight, was a most important theme—for it is the source of all the vice and misery in which the human race are involved. A mind free from error, in his progress through life, may be pronounced the height of perfection. To the influence of

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this evil must we ascribe all our wanderings, all our deviations from the path of rectitude. Happy the man, who listening to these strains of COWPER, shall avoid the rocks and shelves on which so many of his fellow creatures have perished ! Error is the parent of every infelicity.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No XLII.]

THE ARTICLES OF THE FAMOUS ROUND TABLE,

An Order of Knights, instituted in the Reign of Arthur, the celebrated Welch Prince, who was slain 451.

1st. **T**HAT every knight should be well armed and furnished to undertake any enterprize wherein he may be employed by sea and land.

2d. That he should be ever prest or ready to assail all tyrants or oppressors of the people.

3rd. That he should protect widows and maids, restore children to their right, repossess such persons as were without just cause exiled, and with all his force maintain the Christian faith.

4th. That he should be a champion for the weal of the public, and as a lion repulse the enemies of his country.

5th. That he should advance the reputation of honour and suppress all vice, relieve people afflicted by adverse fortune, give aid to the holy church, and protect pilgrims.

6th. That he should bury soldiers that wanted sepulchre, deliver prisoners, ransom captives, and cure men hurt in the service of their country.

7th. That he should in all honourable actions adventure his person, yet with respect to justice and

truth ; and in all enterprizes proceed sincerely, never failing to use his utmost force of body and labour of mind.

8th. That after the attaining of any enterprise, he should cause it to be recorded, to the end the fame of that fact may ever live to his eternal honour, and the renown of the noble order.

9th. That if any complaint were made at the court of this mighty king, of perjury or oppression, then some knight of the order, whom the king should appoint, ought to revenge the same.

10th. That if any knight of a foreign nation did come unto the court with desire to challenge or make shew of his prowess, were he single or accompanied, a knight ought to be ready in arms to make answer.

11th. That if any lady, gentlewoman, widow, or maid, or other oppressed persons, declaring that they were or had been in this or that nation injured or offered dishonour, they should be graciously heard, and without delay one or more knights should be sent to take revenge.

12th. That every knight should be willing to inform young princes, lords, and gentlemen, in the orders and exercises of arms ; thereby not only to avoid idleness, but also to encrease the honour of knighthood and chivalry.

THE MISLETOE, REVERED BY THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE misletoe was gathered by the druids with much ceremony, and a stated form of prayer, with the offering of sacrifice, as we learn from Pliny. Hist. Nat. 16. c. 44. It was thought to promote fertility and the cure of most disorders, and has been recommended lately as a specific in epileptic and convulsive cases, upon whatever tree it grows. But the druids had particular reasons for preferring that of the oak. It may be propagated by cutting a slit in the bark of a

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tree, and sticking in a seed, or by squeezing the seed from the berry and sticking it on the outside of the branch, where its natural viscosity will secure it. Though it continues to live upon trees in summer, yet it does not begin to flourish and appear in vigour till the sap of the trees be fallen, and the leaves dropt. Its berries are full ripe about the end of December, and the more rigorous the season the more flourishing the mistletoe.

In Botany it goes under the name of *viscum*, and is a shrub growing on the bark of several trees. The leaves are conjugate and elliptical, the stem forked; the flowers whitish in the axæ of the leaves. There are nine species, only one of which, the *album*, is a native of Britain.

NATURE AND ART.

NATURE, in her magnificence, her wonders, and her horrors, should be the subject of our contemplation. Human art and industry, with their ingenious exertions and beautiful effects, oftentimes claim our attention. Each, however, affords gratification to the mind, and gives rise to appropriate reflections. In the former scenes "We look through nature up to nature's God;" the sublimity of the objects before us fills our souls with sentiments of wonder and adoration, and our thoughts glance from earth to heaven; in the latter we contemplate with astonishment the fertile invention, the ingenious contrivance, and the unconquerable perseverance of man, who makes nature herself subservient to his use, and converts the rocks and mountains, the woods, the winds and waves, into means of comfort, wealth, and happiness! The excellence of his nature and the extent of his talents, rise in our estimation in proportion as we attend to his works, and we feel a conscious dignity in reflecting that providence has placed ourselves in so exalted a scale of his creatures.

LITERATURE.

HAPPY they who have early been inspired with a taste for science and literature! They will have a constant succession of agreeable ideas; they will find endless variety in the commonest objects which surround them, and feeling that every day of their lives they have sufficient amusement, they will require no extraordinary exertions, no holiday pleasures. They who have learnt from their own experience a just confidence in their own powers—they who have tasted the delights of well-earned praise, will not lightly trust to *chance* for the increase of self-approbation, or will they pursue with too much eagerness the precarious triumphs of fortune, who know that in their usual pursuits it is in their own power to command success proportioned to their exertions.

AMUSEMENT.

THE danger of doing too much in education is greater even than the danger of doing too little. As the merchants in France answered to Colbert, when he desired to know "How he could best assist them,"—children might perhaps reply to those who are most officious to amuse them, "Leave us to ourselves."

HORNE TOOKE.

WHEN Mr. Horne Tooke was justifying to the commissioners his return of income under 60*l.* a year, one of those gentlemen, dissatisfied with the explanation, hastily said, "Mr. Tooke, I do not understand you." "Very possibly," replied the sarcastic citizen, "but as you have not *half* the *understanding* of other men, you should have *double* the *patience*."

AIR OF IRELAND.

LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The

air of this country is good." Swift fell on his knees and said, "For God's sake, Madam, don't say so in England—they'll certainly tax it."

WONDERS.

THE public papers have lately informed us that *three* suns were seen at one time in Prussia. A few days ago, turning over the books in a friend's library, I met with one printed in London 1661, with the following title: "Mirabilis Annus, or the year of Prodigies and Wonders, being a faithful and impartial Collection of several Signs that have been seen in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Waters; together with many remarkable Accidents and Judgments befalling divers Persons, according as they have been testified by very credible Hands; all which have happened within the Space of one Year last past, and are now made public for a seasonable Warning to the People of these Three Kingdoms speedily to repent and turn to the Lord, whose Hand is lifted up amongst us." The very first prodigy recorded in this collection very much resembles that mentioned above; it is as follows: "Several persons who were reaping in a field about a quarter of a mile from Hertford, near six o'clock in the evening, August 1, 1660, saw *two* suns in the firmament; one in the west, the other in the north; they were of equal height and size, and beams issued from both, only that in the north was not so bright as the other. They continued in sight nearly half an hour, and then were both overshadowed by a cloud. The following remarks are subjoined. These *παρηλίοι*, as the Greeks call them, do naturally portend much moisture and rainy weather; but God ordains them, as some learned men conceive, to signify several judgments, as war, famine, and pestilence. Some affirm they portend the fall of great men from their power, who rule with pride and disdain. They signify, as others conjecture, disturbances

and innovations in matters of religion. In 1156, two suns appeared, prognosticating the death of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, an insolent proud prelate. Two suns were seen in England at one time, shining at a good distance from each other, in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign. See Baker's Chron. p. 346. Several suns were seen near Prague, about the time of the dreadful persecution which the protestants sustained there from the hands of the bloody papists. Bohem. Hist. p. 355.

ALGERINE JUSTICE.

A GREEK merchant, resident at Algiers, in the year 1691, and during the Deylik of Hagi Chaban, had been in the habit of dropping a few aspers into the hand of an old beggar, who sat in the sun near his house, making thread lace; but having occasion to go for six months into Egypt, his charity was discontinued. At length however he returned, and began to repeat his accustomed gift. The beggar however declined it, saying it was better to pay him his arrears at once. "What arrears?" cried the merchant. "The sum due to me," replied the old wretch, "during your absence, amounting to 180 reals." The Greek, not knowing whether his impudence deserved more to be kicked or to be laughed at, left him, upon which he was immediately summoned before the Dey. The Moor alledged that the merchant had, for a whole month, daily given him a real, and upon such an income he had left off work; that the merchant had gone away without the least notice that his pension was to cease; that he had still kept his post, praying for his return; besides, relying on his accustomed liberality, he had contracted debts for his support; but upon demanding his arrears the Greek had laughed at him.

The merchant did not disown the truth of the premises, but insisted, that alms being voluntary, its

continuance depended upon the will of the donor. The Dey however decreed that the beggar should be paid, with a piaster over and above for his reproaches, sagely observing, that "he had no business to excite expectations that he did not mean to gratify." Hist. of Algiers, p. 90.

REMARK WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

AMIDST all the vices and all the enormities of the Algerine Turks (a people distinguished for violence and rapacity, and almost every species of cruelty) some good qualities are observable. The most abandoned wretch never presumes to utter the name of God in vain, or add it, by way of decoration, to his ribaldry. Idem, p. 169.

When will this be said, even of men who glory in their superior light and information?

CURIOUS SUBJECTS FOR GLORY.

THE Algerines are so far from being ashamed of any natural deformity, that they are rather pleased than angry when they are distinguished by the appellation of one-eye, hunch-back, hop-legged, cripple, and the like! Idem, p. 170.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION AMONG THE TURKS.

THEY glory that whereas all other nations oppress their subjects on account of religious differences, they allow of an universal toleration, and pay the greatest regard to those who distinguish themselves by a strict observance of the religion they profess. Idem, p. 170.

As to religion, all that the most zealous Mahomedans do in order to make converts, is by way of discourse and argument; but this zeal is rarely found. Toleration may here be seen in its utmost extent, founded upon several passages of the koran, the substance whereof is, that every one, Christian or Jew, &c.

worships God and leads a good life, will certainly be blessed of God. All the attempts of Christians to extirpate Mahometanism have not set them upon repealing this toleration. It is impossible, say they, that a Christian, compelled to embrace the koran, should be a good Mussulman. He only wears the mask while it suits his convenience ; their principle being, that there may be good of any religion ; but the Mussulmen will be distinguished by God as his greatest favourites. Idem, p. 267.

SKETCH

OF

MAIDSTONE AND ITS VICINITY,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND AT SIDMOUTH.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING been of late accustomed to pass a few weeks of every year at *Maidstone*, you have expressed a wish that I should give you an account of that town and its vicinity. To this request I accede, and can assure you that there are many things in its situation and history calculated to amuse a mind disposed to enquiry. Indeed no individual, who has cultivated his powers, can spend a portion of his time in any part of Great Britain, without finding materials for investigation. The charms of nature and the embellishments of art, are, at all times, capable of administering rational satisfaction.

The county of KENT may be deemed the most ancient and celebrated in the kingdom. The earliest periods of our history reach not back beyond the invasion of Julius Cæsar, about fifty years before the birth of Christ. Of this invasion Cæsar himself affords us a de-

tail in his Commentaries, which display at one view the accuracy of the scholar and the insatiable restlessness of the conqueror. In this work he imparts the most favourable idea of this county, acknowledging that its inhabitants were the farthest removed from that state of ferocity in which the rest of the island seems, at that period, to have been involved. They also made a strenuous opposition to the landing of this accomplished tyrant near the spot where *Deal* now stands; but their efforts were not crowned with success. After many violent struggles, they were at length obliged to submit, though with extreme reluctance, to the masters of the world!

MAIDSTONE is rarely mentioned by antiquarians and historians without some kind of eulogium; in particular *Camden* calls it a large, fair, and sweet town. It derives its name from the river Medway, on which it stands, and *Maidstone* is in reality no other than a corruption of *Medway's Town*, or the town on the Medway. Hence the absurdity of its present arms, which represent two maids with *stones in their hands*, an idea only calculated to excite our risibility. The town is allowed to have existed in the times of the Romans, and is thought to have been a place of note even at that distant period. Its situation may be reckoned the middle of the county, being near forty miles from London, and at about the same distance from Dover.

Mr. Halsted, in his history of Kent, gives the following account of a curious *Roman* instrument of diversion found near Maidstone. "On Ofham Green there stands a *quintin*, a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. At the top of a post stuck into the earth is a cross piece, broad at one end, and pierced full of holes, and a bag of sand is hung at the other, and swings round on being moved with any blow. The

pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in their career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it made the best use of his swiftness, least he should have a sound *blow* on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swang round from the other end of the *quintin*. The great design of this sport was to try the agility both of horse and man, and to break the board, which, whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport. When Queen Elizabeth was at the Earl of Leicester's, at Kenelworth Castle, among other sports for her entertainment, the running at the *quintin* was exhibited in the castle-yard by the country lads and lasses assembled on that day to celebrate a rural wedding. Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says, "This sport was used in his time, at Deddington, in Oxfordshire; and Dr. Kennet, in his Parochial Antiquities, says it was at Blackthorne. It is supposed to be a *Roman exercise*, left in this island at their departure from it."

Leland gives the following description of Maidstone in the reign of Henry VIII. "The ruler of the towne ther is cawled *port-ryve*. Ther is in the towne a fair colledge of prestes. The castel or palace, standeth about the myddes of the towne, being well maynteyned by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ther is the comune gayle or prison of Kent, as in the shyre-towne. It is a market-towne of *one long street*, and full of ynnes." If this sketch be a true delineation of Maidstone, it must have undergone a considerable revolution. It now consists of four principal streets, which meet and intersect each other at right angles. It also spreads itself to a considerable extent every way, partly on a hill and partly in a valley, containing about eight or ten thousand inhabitants. For the great difference of the town from the description of Leland we cannot

easily account. Places as well as persons are subject to strange fluctuations.

The castle or palace was given by William de Cornhill to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the seventh year of King John, or about the year 1207; but its manor was long before, even in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, probably by the gift of one of the Saxon princes. Both the manor and palace however were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Henry Wyatt, one of his privy council. This gentleman is said by a *jest* to have raised the courage of the king to go through with his divorce, notwithstanding the opposition of the court of Rome—telling him that it was very strange a man could not repent when he had done amiss without asking the Pope's leave! *Archbishop Cranmer*, we are informed, used to reside at the palace occasionally, and even to preach in the church. He was so partial to Maidstone, that he set it down in his note book, as one of the considerable towns where there ought to be placed learned men with sufficient stipends. I confess that looking the other day on the front of the old palace, its appearance seemed to acquire more veneration in my eyes, because it was *once* the residence of *Archbishop Cranmer*. He was the distinguished friend and martyr of the reformation—an open, generous, honest man—a lover of truth, and the enemy of falsehood and superstition.

Maidstone was first incorporated in the reign of Edward VI. with the view of rewarding the inhabitants on account of the remarkable zeal expressed by them for the advancement of the reformation. It is indeed greatly to their honour, that they hailed the period when religion, emerging from the absurdities and corruptions of the Romish church, began to shew herself to the understandings of men in her native simplicity!

Several protestant martyrs were burnt in this town, with circumstances of aggravated barbarity. Pure Christianity holds these outrages of unhallowed passion

in abhorrence. Its benevolent author calls upon us to *judge even of ourselves what is right*, and assures us that the willing homage of the heart alone can be acceptable to the Supreme Being..

This town used formerly to be remarkable for four religious houses. 1. The *Hospital for Pilgrims or Travellers*, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and Thomas a Becket, built 1244.—2. The *College*, founded about 1396, and was dissolved about 1538. Much of this building still remains, though in an inferior condition. The gateways are even now handsome, and convey an idea of its former magnificence.—3. *House of the Brothers of Corpus Christi*, in Earl Street, a society designed to promote a reverence for the real presence in the sacrament. It is now turned to the much better use of a free grammar school.—4. *A Monastery of Franciscans or Grey Friars*, founded in the reign of Edward III. This mansion is *supposed* to have stood in East Lane, opposite the leading street in the town. This, however, is mere conjecture; such are the overwhelming revolutions to which all sublunary things are destined:

All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock;
A distant age asks where the fabric stood,
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps!

COWPER.

The church bears the name of St. Mary All Saints; it is a fair large building, said to be the most spacious parish church in the county, and has a good parochial library. Its spire was burnt by lightning in the year 1730, and it has not been re-built. The re-erection of it would certainly add to the beauty of the edifice, for

the capacious body of the church seems to want something of a proportionable height towards its completion. The inside contains many monuments of antiquity, but their inscriptions are either scarcely legible or entirely obliterated.

The church yard is crowded with graves.—Here, my friend, I have frequently sauntered and mused upon *mortality* and *immortality*! Is *this*, said I, *the end* of man? Are his powers, and his passions, and his prospects, to be extinguished by the grave? Is our existence nothing but the flowing of a red fluid through our veins, which a few years ago began to circulate, and a few years hence shall cease for ever? Is such an utter extinction of being consistent either with the wisdom or with the goodness of the Supreme Creator? To adopt the forcible language of the Poet,

Shall we be left abandon'd in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid *him*, tho' doom'd to perish, HOPE to live?
Is it for *this* fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
Nó! heaven's IMMORTAL SPRING shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign!

BEATTIE.

There is also a building in Maidstone, formerly known by the name of St. Faith's church. It was for years used by the Dutch or Walloons, who, by the favour of Queen Elizabeth, settled in this town. They fled from the Duke of Alva's execrable persecution, bringing the linen manufacture along with them, as they did that of silk at Canterbury, and of flannel at Sandwich, in this county.

It is, however, remarkable, that the manufactures introduced into Kent by these conscientious foreigners, are, for the most part, migrated to other parts of the kingdom. This revolution is ascribed to the superior

gains of *hop-picking*, which rendered the lower classes indifferent to the exercise of their former employment. But it ought in justice to be mentioned, that there is a manufactory of cloth at Sandling, in the vicinity of Maidstone. I had the curiosity to visit this spot, and was much pleased with the neatness of the machinery, and the process of its operations. It is the only manufactory for cloth remaining in the county.

So great was the trade in this article formerly, that at Cranbrook several persons obtained their livelihood by card making—the last of them was Mr. Charles Titford, a worthy character, and well known in that part of the county. In saying, therefore, in my *Tour to the West of England*, that Frome supplied the island with *cards*, Cranbrook, and other parts, ought to have been specified as having had a proportionate share in the distribution.

The dissenters at Maidstone are numerous, and of respectability. The Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, have each of them a place of worship. The meeting in Earl Street, belonging to the Presbyterians; is a neat building, and was erected in 1736;—they have lately established a charity school, which educates and clothes twelve girls and twelve boys; an excellent institution, which does honour to their liberality.

Maidstone has a bridge over the Medway of seven arches, built probably by the archbishops of Canterbury. In this town also is the gaol for the county, large, strong, and of modern erection. A shocking scene took place within its walls, between thirty and forty years ago, by which the inhabitants were greatly terrified. A set of villains under sentence of death (the two most notorious of which being Italians) were passing from one part of the gaol to the other, to attend the clergyman who came to read prayers amongst them. Their way lay through the kitchen, where they seized some arms hanging there, stabbed the gaoler to the heart, and liberated the prisoners. They, however, kept posses-

sion of the prison for some hours, while soldiers were sent for to Chatham, and shot some of the inhabitants. The clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Denn, just deceased) affrighted beyond measure, escaped through a hole in the wall, and in the evening the wretches themselves left the gaol, armed with various implements of destruction. They got unmolested as far as a wood in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, where some days after they were taken; but the seizure was attended with the most dreadful struggle, for the Italians resolving not to be taken alive, had both their legs shot off, fought on their stumps, and after having repeatedly loaded their blunderbusses, even with their halfpence, fell lifeless to the ground! Those taken *alive* were executed.

The *Court-hall* where the assizes are held, and public business of every kind transacted, unites neatness and conveniency. Above stairs the causes of *nisi prius* are determined, and below stands the criminal bar, where many a culprit has been doomed to yield up his life to the avenging justice of his country! Capital punishments are too frequent amongst us, hence they have lost much of their force on the community. About a mile from the town lies *Penenden Heath*, where criminals are executed; the fatal tree used to rear its head on a spot of particular elevation; it has lately been exchanged for a temporary gallows. At this heath also, the county elections are held in booths and on scaffoldings, erected for the purpose. The place is famous, on account of its central situation, even in the early periods of our history; for assemblies of the principal men in the county met there even in the time of William the Conqueror.

Maidstone and its vicinity are at present distinguished for hops and paper-mills. The latter were many of them fulling-mills, when the cloth manufacture was the general employ of this part of the country. Since that period the making of paper has been in a

a measure substituted in its place, and at present a large trade is carried on in this necessary article of business.

Paper, with regard to the manner of making it, and the materials employed, is reducible to several kinds, as Egyptian paper, made of the rush *papyrus*, (whence indeed, the name *paper* is originally derived); bark paper, made of the inner rind of several trees; cotton paper; incombustible paper; and lastly, European paper, made of linen rags.

You will not be displeased in my transcribing here a little poem, by the late American sage, Dr. Franklin; the humorous application of the different kinds of paper cannot fail of creating a smile, and may beguile the tediousness of my narrative.

PAPER, A POEM.

Some wit of old, such wits of old there were,
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd *clear blank paper* ev'ry infant mind,
Where still as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.
The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,
Methinks, a genius might the plan pursue,
I, (can you pardon my presumption) I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.
Various the papers, various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use;
Men are as various, and if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.
Pray note the fop, half powder and half lace,
Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling place,
He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.
Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.
The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,

Is coarse *brown-paper*, such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares which better men will use.
 Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match *him*? Yes, throughout
 He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.
 The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought;
 He foams with censure, with applause he raves,
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.
 The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry;
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure;
 What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure,
 What are our poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much-read, not read at all?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find,
 They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.
 Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
 She's a fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet,
 On which the happy man whom fate ordains
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.
 One instance more, and only one, I'll bring;
 'Tis the *great man*, who scorns a little thing,
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his
 own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone,
 True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,
 Of all the kinds—most precious, purest, best!

The other article cultivated in the vicinity of Maidstone, is Hops, a plant of general utility. The following sketch is to be found in the new edition of *Aikin's Calendar of Nature*; you may depend on its accuracy.

"Hops, which are much cultivated in some parts of England, afford their valuable produce generally in the month of August. The hop is a climbing plant, sometimes growing wild in hedges, and cultivated on account of its use in the making of malt liquors. Having

large long roots they flourish best in a deep and rich soil, and are set in small hills at regular distances from each other, about five plants, and three long poles for them to run upon, being placed in each hill. They appear above ground early in the spring, and as they grow fast have generally by the latter end of June, or the beginning of July, reached the top of the poles, which are from sixteen to twenty feet long, after which they push out many lateral shoots, and begin to flower. At this time the hop gardens make a most beautiful appearance, the poles being entirely covered with verdure, and the flowers depending from them in clusters and light festoons. The hops, which are the scaly seed vessels of the female plants, are picked as soon as the seed is formed, for which purpose the poles are taken up with the plants clinging to them, and the hops picked off by women and children, after which they are dried over a charcoal fire, and exposed a few days to the air, in order to take off the crispness produced by the heat; they are then closely packed in sacks, and sent to market, where they are purchased by the brewers, who employ them in giving the fine bitter flavour to the beer, which both improves its taste and makes it keep longer than it otherwise would do.

“ This crop is, perhaps, the most precarious and uncertain of any, on which account hops are a commodity that is more the object of *commercial speculation* than any other. The plants are infested by grubs that harbour in their roots, and greatly delay, and sometimes entirely prevent their shooting, and these grubs changing into flies, swarm upon and destroy the leaves and shoots of such as escaped them in their grub state; this pest is called the *fen*. *Blights* too, of various sorts, both with and without insects, often frustrate the hopes of the cultivator, and in a few days desolate the most promising plantations. No effectual remedy has been yet found for these evils; it is probable, however, that some benefit might be produced

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by planting a small number of *male* hops in each garden; for the hop is of that order of vegetables which bear the male and female flowers on different plants. The advantage of this practice is experimentally proved with regard to the ash and elm, which are of the same order; for it is remarked that the plantations in which there is a mixture of male and female trees, are far more vigorous, and less liable to blight, than those which consist solely of females and males." Such is the sketch given by an ingenious naturalist of the *hop-plant*, and the remedy here prescribed may not be unworthy of attention*.

There are three banks in this town; the *Kentish*, the *Maidstone*, and the *Hop Planter's Bank*, which circumstance shows the prosperity of the place. A theatre has been recently built by Mrs. Baker, which has on the whole been well attended. A pleasing concert, conducted by gentlemen of the town, is held once a week during the winter season. Nor must it be forgotten, that a large distillery is carried on here, which produces a spirituous liquor called *Maidstone Geneva*. Every Tuesday a paper, denominated the *Maidstone Journal*, is published, which has a considerable circulation in the county.

On Friday, August 19, 1763, a most violent storm of wind and hail, accompanied with thunder and lightning, spread a general desolation over the parish of Maidstone and the adjacent neighbourhood. It arose at sea, off the coast of Sussex, and entering this county at Tunbridge Wells, passed quite across to Sheerness. The hail might have been deemed pieces of ice from its different irregular shapes. At Bannings one piece was taken up in the form of an oyster, mea-

* For a further account of the *Hop*, the reader is referred to an interesting pamphlet, just published, entitled, *A State of the Hop Plantations, &c.* by W. Randall, Nurseryman, Maidstone.

asuring *nine inches* round the edges, and some were taken up ten days after the storm, which then measured four inches and an half round.

There are two principal events recorded in the English history, both of which took place at Maidstone or in its vicinity. To prevent Queen Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Henry Isley, Thomas Isley, Esq. and George Maplesden, raised a rebellion, the design of which was declared, January 27th, 1553, at the little conduit, in this town, where the two Isleys were, upon the suppression of the insurrection, executed. Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was beheaded on this occasion, resided at Allington castle, about a mile from the town; its remains are still to be seen: and on the opposite side of the Medway, in a romantic situation, stands Gibraltar house, an agreeable place of resort in the summer-time for the inhabitants of Maidstone. I once dined there with a respectable Book society, in the month of July. The rusticity of the scene was gratifying to the pensive mind. From the room in which we dined, the ruins of the dilapidated castle were visible; on each side the harmless sheep were cropping the green herbage, and beneath us, the Medway rolled along its silent waves,

—————Whilst through yonder haze,
Peer'd faintly from afar the swelling sail
Of some poor home-bound bark, that scarce
The wat'ry mirror agitates!

CASE.

The other event recorded in the annals of our country, and connected with the subject of my letter, relates to the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. In May, 1648, the county of Kent joined in an attempt to rescue Charles from the power of the parliamentary army. General Fairfax was sent against them to Maidstone, where the royalists had concentrated their forces. Getting round by Farly, he en-

tered the town, and took it, after a most dreadful struggle; some say that *blood* ran down the streets. Great bravery, however, was displayed on both sides; but the friends of the captive monarch being utterly defeated, no further attempt was made to rescue him from the hands of his enemies, into which he was now irretrievably fallen. Alas! history has been denominated with too much justice, records of carnage—chronicles of blood!

In the neighbourhood of Maidstone stands the *Moat*, the seat of Lord Romney, the present lord-lieutenant of the county. The mansion is of ancient date, and in the reign of Henry III. belonged to the family of Leyborn, who procured from the crown a grant of a fair and market to be held at this place. After having passed through various revolutions, it was sold to Sir Robert Marsham (created Lord Romney in the reign of George I.) about the beginning of this century; but his Lordship is now building a large handsome house near the road, which from the height of its situation commands a fine prospect of the adjacent country. On the 1st day of August, 1799, his Majesty and the Royal Family visited the Moat, in order to review the Kentish Volunteers, and were entertained with splendour and festivity. The assemblage of so many distinguished characters, drew an immense crowd of spectators from almost every part of the county*.

This imperfect *sketch of Maidstone and its vicinity* shall be concluded with the mention of the little but pleasant hamlet of *Tovil*. It lies near one of the roads which lead to Tunbridge, is divided into *Upper* and *Lower*, and spreads itself over some extent of ground. The walk from hence to Maidstone, about a mile in

* About five miles from Maidstone, on the road to Cranbrook, lies *Coxheath*, where, in the year 1779, a great number of troops were encamped; his Majesty went down to review them.

length, is truly beautiful for the variety of its prospects. On the left you look down into a fertile meadow, through which glides the Medway with an uninterrupted placidity. On its banks are seen animals of various descriptions, partaking of that liberal repast with which nature has furnished them; and the angle may be here and there espied, cautiously inveigling the finny prey. In front, at the termination of the vale, lies the town of Maidstone, the antique tower of whose church heightens and enriches the landscape. Still further on, at the extremity of the horizon, is perceived the whole range of the Boxley hills, which form a kind of natural rampart; for beyond lie Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, and the German ocean! The view taken altogether cannot fail of striking the eye and of impressing the beholder. Accustomed to such scenes, we are not fully apprized of their exquisite beauty; but a stranger passing this road will be alive to its charms, and feel the most delightful sensations.

Tovil contains mills for the manufacturing of paper, and also one oil mill, whose stampers disturb the repose of those who have not been used to their ungracious and monotonous sounds. In a secluded spot, on the borders of the rivulet which turns these mills, and which abounds with fish, I have sat for hours with my angle, content with my employ, and gratified by the surrounding scenery. Upon a little eminence close to the village is a burying-ground belonging to the *Baptists*, a class of the protestant dissenters, and open for interment to individuals of that denomination throughout the kingdom: here lie the remains of many worthy families! It was first set apart for this purpose in the reign of Charles II. and though it wants both a greater depth of mould and an easier access, it is placed in a romantic situation. The cemeteries of the ancients were thus removed from the glare of public observation, be-

cause silence and solitude best become the awful and mysterious state of the dead !

O ! when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?

O ! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

Otham and *Loose* are also pleasing spots in the vicinity of Maidstone, with whose rural beauties it is impossible not to be delighted.

But it is time, my friend, that my epistle should close, the length of which, I am fearful, has fatigued your attention. My only apology is, that I wished to do some degree of justice to my subject. Maidstone is a respectable town, and with regard to its inhabitants, I have on several occasions witnessed their hospitality. Indeed, I scarcely ever unfold the map of *Great Britain* without being struck with the consideration—how many thousand families are there even among my own countrymen, with whom I shall never be acquainted, but with whose sentiments and manners I should, in case of personal knowledge, have been delighted ! A few years ago, Maidstone and other places, which I now hold in estimation, were only geographically known to me ; since that period they have been realized. This pleasing idea of human nature may be extended to every civilized region of the globe ! The race of man, amidst all its obliquities, retains strong lineaments of the divine image (in which it is created) by the cultivation of its rational powers, and by the expansion of its benevolence ! Let us aspire after every species of intellectual and moral improvement. Thus will our felicity be most effectually secured ; thus shall we be best assimilated to the Deity.

I subscribe myself,

dear Sir,

your sincere Friend,

Pullin's Row, Islington,
1800.

J. EVANS.

ALCANDER AND MONIMIA.

OR THE

FOLLY OF EXCESSIVE AFFECTION.

BY W. MUDFORD.

THE day at length arrived when Alcander was to receive in marriage the hand of Monimia. Alcander arose early in the morning, after a restless night. His mind had been agitated by visions and portentous dreams, and though he scorned the weak credulity of superstition and ignorance, yet he felt the energies of his soul depressed to a degree of which he hardly thought himself susceptible. Scarcely could the idea of his approaching happiness rouse him from this dreadful lethargy into which he had been thrown, and which received additional validity from the bare remembrance. He reflected on the visions of the night; they were strongly connected with his present situation: he sighed, and prepared himself for the ceremony. Never, perhaps, did imagination so strongly affect the solid powers of reason; never, perhaps, were the faculties of the mind so wrapped up and deceived by illusive visions, as in the present instance. They were, however, in some degree dissipated by the presence of his beloved Monimia. He could not behold her but with rapture; rapture heightened into enthusiasm, when he thought how soon she would be *his*! The youthful couple only waited the presence of their parents, to solemnize the ceremony. Monimia, who wished with secret impatience for the happy moment, endeavoured to render it less tedious by her delicate and refined conversation. She had diligently read and digested our best English authors; and would frequently maintain a strenuous controversy with those who attempted to depreciate her favourite poets, Pope and Milton. In this she was often vigorously sup-

ported by her Alcander—her husband. He, as might be expected, had studied more deeply those abstract departments of literature in which women seldom appear. Homer and Virgil divided his admiration with Milton; and Horace and Juvenal with Pope. With Longinus, Aristotle, and Vida, he was familiar, as also with the works of Plato, Socrates, and the ancient sages of Greece. From such a powerful similarity there could nothing be expected but the purest harmony. The common wranglings and jarrings, which are usually attendant upon marriage, must here be avoided; for as they generally proceed from that want of discernment necessary to pass over in silence those foibles incident to human nature, this from their mutual good sense in consequence could never ensue. To be brief, they were united, and now thought themselves secure in bliss that never could be sullied. Weak puerile conceit! Experience should have taught them, that man

“ Never *is*, but always *to be* blest.”

Scarce had three days elapsed ere an urgent necessity required the presence of Alcander a short time in the country. The fatal news was death-like to their happiness. All the philosophy of Alcander, all the *refined* and *delicate* sense of Monimia could not support them against this unlooked for turn of fortune. But three days married—and forced to part—oh, 'twas too much! But stern necessity forbad a longer stay, and Alcander prepared to bid Monimia adieu. She was in tears when he entered the room. A sister, whom she kindly loved, supported her head upon her bosom. He approached towards her in silent grief, and clasping her hands between his, let fall a tear, which nature quickly followed by another! Monimia slowly raised her head—her eyes were suffused in pearly drops—he kissed them away in speechless agony.—She at length spoke to Alcander! “ My Lord! my life! my husband! how shall I call

thee! by what name, by what expression! must we part! can heaven look on and see such grief, yet say—*it must be so.*—How have I deserved this unprecedented woe? he shall not—must not part—yet, hold—Yes! I will be more myself! why should I weep—he dies not—he goes but for a time, and then returns again to his Monimia's arms—then be it so! fly Alcander! fly on the wings of swiftest speed, and swifter still return! Go, go! I will be calm.” Alcander was unable to reply—motionless as a statue he stood gazing on his distracted wife;—the functions of his soul were harrowed up; his knees trembled under him; his eyeballs rolled vacant through their sockets; his whole frame was convulsed, and he threw himself exhausted in a chair by the side of his Monimia. His situation alarmed her; fear for him now overcame every other sensation, and the idea of her own situation was superseded by that of her Alcander;—she raised him gently from his seat, and by the help of her sister conducted him to the window; here, he soon revived—but recovered only to a keener sense of his misery. After a few moments pause, he thus began;—“ Monimia!—never was my ‘single state of man,’ so shook as at this dread moment!—I blush to think on’t!—What is the cause—a few days absence from the object of my love.—How! can I not submit with resignation to the will of heaven! Yes, I will! Cheer thyself, Monimia, and think how short a space there is between this moment and our next meeting! Oh, fie upon’t! ’twill not be a month, and then”—“ Then, oh, then,” replied Monimia, “ we shall again be blessed.” Alcander clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her lip. They now became composed, and even conversed on indifferent topics, till the chariot arriving at the door, Alcander arose, and bidding her adieu, hurried out of the room to prevent a fatal repetition. Monimia, leaning on the arm of her sister, retired to her chamber to indulge her meditations.

During his absence they maintained a regular epistolary correspondence, and their letters, written in the purest affection, breathed

“ The soft intercourse from soul to soul,”

At length she received the intelligence that her adored Alcander would return in the short space of a week. Her joy at this unlooked-for happiness could scarce be conceived. She imparted the blissful news to her sister, who eagerly participated with her. During the interval some of her friends had formed a party to go to the masquerade; they requested her's and her sister's company. After some hesitation Monimia at length consented, and it was agreed that her sister should attire herself in men's clothes, and personate her lover. This was accordingly put in execution, and they repaired early in the evening to the appointed place. They both sustained their characters with justness, and retired about midnight from the scene of dissipation, and returned home; they immediately undressed themselves, and, as usual, slept together. In the mean time Alcander, having completed his affairs sooner than he expected, reached the house which contained his Monimia. Without making any enquiries he rushed forward into her chamber—entered—and the first thing that struck his eyes was the habiliments of a *man* lying on the ground! He stopped not to investigate—but, transported with rage, he stabbed them both on the instant! But what were his sensations when he beheld, instead of some detested paramour, the *sister* of his wife! beheld them both—both innocent—both bleeding by his accursed hand! he stood—nor human was his look. Despair, madness, guilt, remorse, and every hell-born passion, darted from his eyes—the functions, the feelings, the sympathies of man, were dried up and withered in him. Motionless he stood and speechless; he beheld them both expire.—The last words of Monimia roused him from his trance—“ Oh! Alcander, peace be with you,” she faintly

uttered, and expired. He still held the knife, reeking with their blood;—thrice he plunged it in his agonized breast, and thrice he groaned—then falling to the earth, he breathed his last, in all the horrors of repentance and despair. Hapless couple! Some who hereafter shall peruse thy fate, their sympathy awakened and their pity moved, shall turn with sorrow from it and exclaim, “Oh may we never love as these have loved!”

ON

THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The mind untaught is a dark waste.

BEATTIE.

USEFUL knowledge is an inestimable treasure, of the value of which few persons seem sufficiently apprized. The acquisition of it is an employment that does honour to our nature: its singular importance, both to our present and future felicity, must be acknowledged by every one who have reflected on the subject with any tolerable degree of attention; its admirable tendency to brace and strengthen the mind, to fortify us against the mazes of error and superstition, and prepare us for the various scenes through which we are to pass, must surely render it an object worthy our intensest application and most assiduous endeavours.

A thirst after knowledge has been justly reckoned one of the surest characteristics of a truly great and ingenious mind; wherever this disposition is predominant, no obstacles will be sufficient to impede its progress; difficulties will but invigorate our endeavours, and give new ardour to the energies of the mind; the reflection that a resolute persevering diligence cannot fail of success, will prove a stimulus to our exertions, and animate us to pursue our enquiries with cheerfulness and avidity.

Those persons who are blessed with extensive natural capacities, and who enjoy opportunities of improving

them, may fairly be ranked amongst the happiest of mortals ; to them are imparted advantages of a superior kind ; they enjoy, in an eminent degree, the enviable power of contributing to the welfare and felicity of their fellow creatures—improve, ye happy few, those precious opportunities of usefulness and mental improvement which are now put into your hands—the fleeting moments will soon be past—catch them on the wing—employ them to the noblest of all purposes, that of cultivating your own minds, in order to enable you to become blessings to society, and enlighteners of the human race.

The chief end of our existence is to advance in knowledge and virtue ; on these two qualifications depend intirely the happiness, the usefulness, and the respectability of our lives ; without knowledge our virtue would, in all probability, be extremely defective ; these two qualities are of such a nature as not to be separated without a considerable diminution of their lustre ; united together, they exhibit the loveliest and most engaging picture humanity is capable of producing ; they constitute the highest glory and dignity of our nature, and elevate us to an honourable rank in the scale of existence ; they assimilate us to the best and most perfect of beings, and will form the principal ingredients in the felicity of a future world.

The darkness and obscurity in which many subjects are involved, ought by no means to damp our ardour in the pursuit of religious and philosophical truth ; on many points we may obtain the clearest information, and even on those which at present appear to be attended with insuperable difficulties, new light may be continually struck out ; every diligent and judicious enquirer may contribute towards dispelling the mists and darkness in which they are enveloped, till at length we shall, perhaps, be able to arrive at complete satisfaction, even on many subjects which at present appear to be above the reach of human comprehension : the

astonishing discoveries that are continually making in almost every branch of science, justify and confirm this pleasing expectation !

Great and almost incredible have been the effects of diligence and industry in the cultivation of the mind, even in those persons who have enjoyed the fewest advantages ; of this our own country has afforded several illustrious examples ; many instances have occurred of persons, who, amidst all the disadvantages of poverty, and destitute of the usual means of improvement, have soared to such heights in the regions of literature, as have astonished the world, and will cause their names to be remembered with veneration and delight, as long as a taste for science continues to exist : the labours of these untutored geniuses are so many striking proofs of the powerful effects of patient persevering exertion ; let the indolent and careless consider this circumstance and blush at their own folly !

If we take a survey of the state of those countries which have not yet experienced the blessings of civilization, upon whom the light of the gospel has not yet dawned, nor science shed her divine influence—dreadful indeed are the scenes which will present themselves to our view ; ignorance and superstition, maintaining an unlimited ascendancy over the human mind, and introducing a thousand barbarous customs, at the thoughts of which the feeling mind turns away with horror and disgust ; the little appearance of religion that is to be found amongst them overclouded with the most shocking absurdities, and its utility destroyed by the most impious and cruel rites. Can we reflect on these circumstances, and not be sensible of the value of those superior means of improvement which we enjoy ? How diligent ought we to be in appropriating them to our own advantage, and in rendering them subservient to the best interests of society.

Virtuous and intelligent PARENTS, who are truly solicitous for the welfare of their offspring, and who are

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desirous of seeing them valuable members of society, will be careful to furnish them betimes with a stock of useful knowledge, which may not only be of the utmost consequence in directing the conduct of their future lives, but may serve to secure their young minds against numberless temptations to which youth is liable; if they can be inspired with an early desire of improvement, and made to feel a delight in intellectual pleasures, in contemplating the sublime truths of religion and morality, in exploring, by the help of philosophy, the wonders of creation, and tracing the marks of divine wisdom and goodness in every object they meet with; such employments would give an elevation to their views, and would in a manner, abstract them from that thoughtless dissipation which is incident to their age; those trifles and impertinences which engage the attention of so large a part of mankind would excite no other sensations but pity and disgust.

No less happily experienced would be the influence of such a practice in *the decline of life*; to a neglect of it may, in a great measure, be ascribed that peevish querulousness which is too often the unhappy attendant of old age; nor is this a matter of surprise; having been accustomed to place their chief satisfaction in external objects, and never been taught to look higher than the pleasures of sense, can we wonder that when these recede from their grasp, and mock their disappointed hopes, they should sink into the most abject despondency, and be ready to vent their fretfulness and revenge even on inanimate objects; by such a conduct rendering their own lives miserable, and disturbing the happiness as well as alienating the affections of all around them: whereas the man of an enlarged and cultivated mind, who has made the extension of his knowledge and the improvement of his heart the main business of his life, has many sources of innocent and laudable delight, with which the mere drudge of business or plea-

sure is entirely unacquainted ; this man can retire from the gaieties and amusements of life without regret ; he has treasured up a stock of happiness in his own mind, and, therefore, can never be at a loss when other resources fail ; this will infuse a cheerfulness into his temper, and prove a sweet relief to the weariness and infirmities of age ; his library will be ever ready to furnish him with a variety of useful and pleasing employments, and the still more exquisite delight of conversing with a few select friends, whose minds are similar to his own, will agreeably diversify his time: thus calm and tranquil will be the evening of his days ; even at the close of life he will feel no anxious terrors, but will look forward with joyful anticipation to a more perfect existence, where all the faculties of his mind will be enlarged and his knowledge augmented by continual improvements.

Maidstone.

A.

INDIAN VEGETABLES.

[From Pennant's View of Hindoostan.]

THE *opium*, which is so essential yet pernicious a necessary with the orientalist, is extracted here in great quantities, by incision, from the fresh heads of the *papaver somniferum*. The seeds are sown in the beginning of October, when the periodical rains cease. The plant begins to be fit for incision in December, and continues so till March ; it requires a dry soil, and can be brought into maturity only in the dry season. The rent of the land it is cultivated on is eleven or twelve rupees, or twenty-seven or thirty shillings a *beyah*, or a third of the English acre.

Opium is universally smoked by the soldiery at night, which flings them into so deep and heavy a sleep, that a few resolute and disciplined men may beat thousands

before they recover their senses. There have been instances of a whole company of *sepoys* being sent into the other world when thus entranced in opium. It is not uncommon for the Indian soldiery to intoxicate themselves with that drug, when they wish to animate themselves to some desperate action. The duty on this fatal drug, the *Indian gin*, brings into Bengal an immense revenue.

Let me add, that from the poppy was prepared the fatal draught called *paust*, which the emperors employed to destroy such persons whom they did not dare to take off in public. Such were the means which *Aurengzebe* used to dispatch his nephew *Sepe Chekou*, and others, his relations, in the fortress of *Gualior*. "The *paust*," says *Bernier*, "is the first thing brought them in the morning, and they have nothing given them to eat till they have drank a great cup full of it. This emaciates them exceedingly, and maketh them to die insensibly; they losing little by little their strength and understanding, and growing torpid and lifeless."

Another vegetable narcotic, *tobacco*, found its way into Hindoostan about the year 1617, introduced by the Portuguese, who originally received it from the Brazils. The reigning Emperor, *Jehangir*, thought it so prejudicial to the health of his subjects, that he prohibited the use of it throughout his dominions. It is singular that a cotemporary monarch, our James the First, shewed, perhaps, a greater dislike to this herb. Besides his famous book, *The Counterblast to Tobacco*, he published a strong proclamation against the use, and, at the same time, laid on it a tax equal to a prohibition. But neither in Britain nor in India could the love of this filthy plant be suppressed. Before our fatal *American* war, Virginia alone sent us five hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads of a thousand pounds each. It is universally cultivated in Hindoostan, and in both countries brings a great revenue to the state. It is said that not fewer than thirty thousand oxen laden with tobacco pass an-

nually through one province, Coimbetore, in their way to Pondigory, near Calicut, where there are immense magazines of that beloved drug. It is used in Hindoostan in all the modes it is in Europe. It is commonly smoked in segars, or small twisted rolls. Persons of rank, and even the ladies in the *zenanas*, indulge in the practice. The apparatus is often very magnificent—*hookers* of the most exquisite fillagree work. This luxury is committed to the care of a particular servant, called a *hookabadar*.

Hindoostan has in use another drug equally pernicious in its effects as the *opium*. The pretence of taking it is to exhilarate the mind, to drive away care, like the *nepenthes* of old, and to procure more pleasing sleep; but the reverse is the consequence; drunkenness, like *ideocy*, or the most furious madness, ensues. An individual rendered mad with an excess of this drug will sometimes take it into his head to *run a muck*, i. e. draw his dagger, run straight forward like a mad dog, and stab every body he meets; much mischief has been done by these fellows. I have heard of one who was transfixd by a soldier with his long lance; he forced the whole length of the weapon through his body, till he had reached the soldier, and added him to the number of the slain.

This drug is called *bangue*, it is extracted from the leaves and the seeds of the *cannabis Indica* of *Linnaeus*, or *hemp*, the very same plant which has spread itself from India all over Europe, and is so well known in our manufactures of ropes, cables, and sail-cloth. Acosta describes it under the name of *bangue*. The leaves are often smoked, mixed with tobacco, and if the object is pleasing sleep, nutmegs and the richest spices are added. It is properly enough called by the Malayes, *jingi*, or the *herb of fools*. Alander speaks of another sort of *bangue*, prepared from the leaves of the *hibiscus sabdarisfa*. This he says, on the authority of Herman, is also in use in India. This vegetable is an actual poison,

for we know that the water in which the hemp plant is soaked to prepare it for manufacture is most fatal. In the reign of Henry VIII. there was a prohibition of its being soaked in any pond or running stream, on account of its being so destructive to cattle, and if drank when strongly infused, acts almost instantaneously mortal to the human race.

The *datura ferox* may be added as another plant in use for the same intoxicating purposes. Mr. Ives says, that if the Indians are in possession of any secret poison, it is of the seeds of this species. According to Acosta, it brings on the same kind of phrenetic joy as the preceding. The droll Butler, in his *Hudibras*, mentions this plant under the name of *dewtry*:

“ Make lechers and their punks with dewtry

“ Commit phantastical advowtry.”

It is said to cause such an alienation of mind as to transport a man from the objects about him, and place before him imaginary scenes, so that any thing may be done with him or before him, without his regarding it then, or remembering it afterwards. Thieves are said to give it to people they wish to rob, and women to their husbands, in order to commit before them unseen *advowtry not phantastical*. This also is the poison or philtre, which, by proportioning the dose, is supposed to kill or fascinate in a certain space—a tale long since exploded.

Rice is cultivated with great success in Bengal; the low wet lands are finely adapted to its culture. It is sown in the beginning of May, immediately before the rainy season commences. The first crop is got in about the latter end of September, the second and greatest about the end of December. Its nature is such, that its success depends on a soil immersed in water; were the periodical rains to cease, Bengal would become a desert. In the year 1769 there was so very long a drought that there was almost a general failure of the crops of rice, the sole support of the com-

mon Indians. A famine, unheard of in story, was the consequence—above two millions of people perished in the most dreadful manner—their end was exemplary—no riots ensued—they died with resignation by thousands in the streets or the highways, on their way to seek in vain for food—the recital is too horrible—let those who delight in such doleful history apply to the account given by the Abbé Raynal, in the second volume of his entertaining history.

I shall perfume my paper with a brief account of that luxury of India, the *otta of roses*. The roses grow cultivated near Lucknow, in great fields of eleven acres. The oil is procured by distillation; the petals of the flowers only are used, and in that country no more than a quantity of about two drachms can be procured from a hundred weight of rose leaves, and even that in a favourable season, and the process performed with the utmost care. The oil is by accident of different colours—of a bright yellow, of a reddish hue, and a fine emerald.

It is to an *Indian lady* that the fair sex is indebted for this discovery.

FUNERAL ORATION

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON,

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF CONGRESS, BY MAJOR-GENERAL LEE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM VIRGINIA.

[From an American Paper.]

IN obedience to your * will, I rise your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has

* The two houses of congress.

ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honour.

Desperate indeed is any attempt on earth to meet correspondently this dispensation of heaven: for while with pious resignation we submit to the will of an all-gracious providence, we can never cease lamenting, in our finite view of omnipotent wisdom, the heart-rending privation for which our nation weeps. When the civilized world shakes to its center; when every moment gives birth to strange and momentous changes; when our peaceful quarter of the globe, exempt as it happily has been from any share of the slaughter of the human race, may yet be compelled to abandon her pacific policy, and to risk the doleful casualties of war: what limit is there to the extent of our loss?—None within the reach of my words to express; none which your feelings will not disavow.

The founder of our fœderate republic—our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more. Oh that this was but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonised heart its balmy dew. But alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed for ever. Possessing the stoutest frame, and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year, in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and defying every medical interposition, before the morning of Sunday, *put an end to the best of men*. An end did I say—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away; when na-

tions now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime. Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see your youthful Washington, supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and by his valour, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? or, when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of congress to the command of her armies: will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country? or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety; undismayed by disaster; unchanged by change of fortune? or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks: himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night—it was about this time of winter—the storm raged—the Delaware rolling furiously with floating ice forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene—his country cal-

led—unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore—he fought—he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morris Town he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the art of war, and famed for his valour on the ever memorable heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since our much lamented Montgomery—all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow our beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga, and his much-loved compeer of the Carolina's? No—our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates—to Green, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga, and of Entaws, receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the phy-

sical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency, until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a lustre corresponding to his great name; and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

To the horrid din of battle sweet peace succeeded, and our virtuous chief, mindful only of the common good, in a moment tempting personal aggrandisement, hushed the discontents of growing sedition, and surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a plough-share, teaching an admiring world, that to be truly great you must be truly good.

Were I to stop here, the picture would be incomplete, and the task imposed unfinished. Great as was our Washington in war, and as much as did that greatness contribute to produce the American republic, it is not in war alone his pre-eminence stands conspicuous: his various talents, combining all the capacities of a statesman with those of the soldier, fitted him alike to guide the councils and the armies of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when he who had been our shield and our sword, was called forth to act a less splendid but a more important part.

Possessing a clear and a penetrating mind, a strong and a sound judgment, calmness and temper for deliberation, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions maturely formed, drawing information from all, acting from himself, with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism; his own superiority, and the public confidence, alike marked him as the man

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designed by heaven to lead in the great political as well as military events, which have distinguished the æra of his life.

The finger of an over-ruling Providence, pointing at Washington, was neither mistaken nor unobserved ; when to realise the vast hopes to which our revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable.

How novel, how grand the spectacle ; independent states stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition, to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government, through whose commanding protection, liberty and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves, and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and of patriots, Washington of course was found ; and, as if acknowledged to be most wise, where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labours of himself and his compatriots, the work of their hands, and our union, strength, and prosperity, the fruits of that work best attest.

But to have essentially aided in presenting to his country this consummation of her hopes, neither satisfied the claims of his fellow-citizens on his talents, nor those duties which the possession of those talents imposed. Heaven had not infused into his mind such an uncommon share of its ethereal spirit to remain unemployed, nor bestowed on him his genius unaccompanied with the corresponding duty of devoting it to the common good. To have framed a constitution was shewing only, without realising, the general happiness. This great work remained to be done ; and America,

stedfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpractised as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self-distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land on this exhilarating event is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the fair, rivalled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high-wrought delightful scene was heightened in its effect, by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers, and the avoidance of the receiver of the honours bestowed. Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself, as the basis of his political life? He best understood the indissoluble union between virtue and happiness—between duty and advantage—between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and individual felicity; watching with an equal and comprehensive eye over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy in the unerring immutable principles of morality, based on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of free government, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the respect of the world.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"

Leading through the complicated difficulties produced by previous obligations and conflicting interests, seconded by succeeding houses of congress, enlightened and patriotic, he surmounted all original obstructions, and brightened the path of our national felicity.

The presidential term expiring, his solicitude to exchange exaltation for humility returned, with a force

increased with increase of age ; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen, proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a further sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of president followed ; and Washington, by the unanimous vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy : what a wonderful fixure of confidence ! Which attracts most our admiration, a people so correct, or a citizen combining such an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry, and stifling even envy itself ? Such a nation ought to be happy ; such a chief must be for ever revered.

War, long menaced by the Indian tribes, now broke out ; and the terrible conflict, deluging Europe with blood, began to shed its baneful influence over our happy land. To the first, outstretching his invincible arm, under the orders of the gallant Wayne, the American eagle soared triumphant through distant forests. Peace followed victory, and the melioration of the condition of the enemy followed peace. Godlike virtue, which uplifts even the subdued savage !

To the second he opposed himself. New and delicate was the conjuncture, and great was the stake. Soon did his penetrating mind discern and seize the only course, continuing to us all the felicity enjoyed. He issued his proclamation of neutrality. This index to his whole subsequent conduct was sanctioned by the approbation of both houses of congress, and by the approving voice of the people.

To this sublime policy he inviolably adhered—unmoved by foreign intrusion, unshaken by domestic turbulence.

“ Justum et tenacem propositi virum

“ Non civium ardor prava jubentium,

“ Non vultus instantis tyranni

“ Mente quatit solida.”

Maintaining his pacific system, at the expence of no duty, America, faithful to herself, and unstained in her honour, continued to enjoy the delights of peace, while afflicted Europe mourns in every quarter, under the accumulated miseries of an unexampled war; miseries, in which our happy country must have shared, had not our pre-eminent Washington been as firm in council as he was brave in the field.

Pursuing stedfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal discord, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted, but inextinguishable, desire of returning to the humble walks of private life.

The promulgation of his fixed resolution stopped the anxious wishes of an affectionate people from adding a third unanimous testimonial of their unabated confidence in the man so long enthroned in their hearts. When, before, was affection like this exhibited on earth?—Turn over the records of antient Greece—review the annals of mighty Rome—examine the volumes of modern Europe—you search in vain—America and her Washington only afford the dignified exemplification.

The illustrious personage, called by the national voice in succession to the arduous office of guiding a free people, had new difficulties to encounter; the amicable effort of settling our difficulties with France, begun by Washington, and pursued by his successor in virtue as in station, proving abortive, America took measures of self-defence. No sooner was the public mind roused by the prospect of danger, than every eye was turned to the friend of all, though secluded from public view, and grey in public service; the virtuous veteran, following his plough*, received the unex-

* General Washington, though opulent, gave much of his time and attention to practical agriculture.

pected summons with mingled emotions of indignation at the unmerited ill-treatment of his country, and of a determination once more to risk his all in her defence.

The annunciation of these feelings, in his affecting letter to the president accepting the command of the army, concludes his official conduct.

First in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life; pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding; his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender: correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost.—Such was the man for whom our nation mourns.

Methinks I see his august image, and hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:—

“Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom, the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers: reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronise the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence, contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only: be

Americans in thought, word, and deed.—Thus will you give immortality to that union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial labours; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows."

MEMOIRS

OF THE

REVEREND WILLIAM MASON.

ABRIDGED.

[*From the Necrology.*]

"THE lives of men of letters," says Mason, in his Introduction to the Memoirs of Gray, seldom abound with incident:—I will promise my reader, that he shall, in the following pages, seldom behold Mr. Gray in any better light than that of a scholar and a poet."

I prefix to this short sketch of the character of Mason his own observation. Mason was a man of letters, a poet, and moreover, a country clergyman, who thought it incumbent on him to devote a considerable portion of time to his professional duties. The incidents of his life, therefore, must be necessarily confined, and those, such at least as belong to his poetical character, will be collected, for the most part, from his own works*, from Gray's letters† and the various literary publications connected with Mason's writings.

William Mason was the son of a respectable clergyman, vicar of St. Trinity Hall, in the east riding of Yorkshire, where he received his first grammatical in-

* The edition of his works printed in 1796 and 1797.

† In Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray.

stractions. His studies, preparatory to his going to college, were rather favourable to classical than philosophical pursuits: he had an early passion for poetry and painting; as appears from his epistolary address to his father in 1746.

At the proper time he was entered of St. John's college, Cambridge, when Dr. Newcombe was master, and Powel one of the tutors: the latter was author of volume of sermons, that are more particularly on subjects of discipline, and became afterwards a zealous opponent of those members of the university who wished to have subscription to the thirty-nine articles removed at the time of taking degrees.

It does not appear that Mason devoted himself much to mathematics, the favourite study at Cambridge. His merit, however, and his talents, procured him the esteem of his tutor, to whose advice it was owing that *Musæus* was published, the first in the order of Mason's poems.

While an under-graduate our author was distinguished by a studious cast of mind, though by no means destitute of social manners, nor reckoned an indefatigable student.

While of St. John's college he took his bachelor's and master of arts degrees; but never advanced further. He left St. John's in 1746, and returned to his father in Yorkshire. On leaving college he wrote an ode, of considerable merit, in which he expresses the highest respect for his tutor.

In the year 1747, principally through the influence of Gray, who, on account of certain incivilities shewn him at Peter-house, had retreated to Pembroke-hall*, he was nominated to a vacant fellowship in Pembroke-hall, but was not elected till 1749: this was owing to a dispute between the master and fellows; for the master refused his assent, and claimed a negative;

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray*, p. 241.

nor was the affair compromised till after a litigation of two years. His poetical taste first introduced him to the acquaintance of Gray, to whose correcting hand he had submitted his monody on the death of Pope, and two juvenile poems, possessed of much merit. These were *Il Bellicoso* and *Il Pacifico*, both in the collection of Mason's works, written in imitation of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

The monody was written at the time of Pope's death, in 1744, but was not published till 1747. Independently of its being a successful imitation of the various styles of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Pope, this monody possesses much of the true poetical character, though justly censurable on account of the vast profusion of imagery, scarcely intelligible to a mere English reader. The same objection may justly be brought against other of his poems; more particularly his *Ode to a Water Nymph*, published about this time in the first volume of Dodsley's *Miscellany*.

His acquaintance with Gray, as might be expected in such congenial minds, grew into a warm friendship, which only terminated with the life of the latter.

A little after the death of his father, our poet went into orders. His father died, in 1753, of an infectious fever, which at the same time carried off a most intimate friend, with whom Mason had been brought up from infancy, Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician.

Mason felt this affliction severely, for his heart was formed for domestic endearments. Gray, in a letter on this occasion to Mason, speaks in this strong manner: "I have seen the place you describe, and know how dreadful it is. I know, too, I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world, any longer than that sad impression lasts: the deeper it is engraven the better *."

* Gray's *Memoirs*, p. 238

Our author went into orders in 1754, and found a patron in the earl of Holderness. Through his influence he was advanced to be a chaplain to the king, and obtained the living of Aston, which was of considerable value. Much chastity and elegance characterize Mason's sonnet, addressed to the Earl of Holderness.

D'Arcy to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of song, my youth essay'd,
This verse devotes from Aston's secret shade,
Where letter'd ease, thy gift endears the scene*.

An observation should be here made.

Notwithstanding Mason and Gray have addressed odes to two or three noble characters, they are not to be confounded with the tribes of poetical flatterers. They possessed a conscious sense of talents, with a dignified superiority to fulsome adulation. The sonnet addressed to Lord Holderness is penned with the greatest delicacy and modesty, and evidently flows from the heart. The installation ode was written at the solicitation of the vice-chancellor †; Gray's ode on the installation of the Duke of Grafton, independently of the importance of the occasion, was written unasked, and received some of its most glowing colouring from a sense of recent obligation: nothing can exceed the elegant, yet pointed manner in which Gray expressed himself on this occasion. "I do not see why gratitude should sit silent, and leave it to expectation to sing ‡."

Pindar §, Horace, and afterwards poor Dryden, were extravagant admirers of greatness. But Mason, and more particularly Gray, carried their spirit the opposite way, and, in the judgment of many, to a degree of fastidiousness and affectation; they not only

* Dedicatory Sonnet to Mason's Poems.

† Mason's Works, vol. iii. p. 9.

‡ Gray's Memoirs.

§ Pind. Od. Ol. i. Sub. fin.

despised artificial greatness ; and, indeed, on most occasions, Gray, as may be seen throughout his memoirs, takes an opportunity of sneering at it.

Beneath the GOOD how far, but far above the GREAT.

GRAY'S PROGRESS OF POESY.

This pride of language, however, (for in Gray more particularly it must be called by this name) arose rather from a consciousness of talents, than a well-principled and philosophical dislike of hereditary rank. "I love men of distinction," says Gray, speaking of Cartismandua's sons, in Caractacus: "they were men before, whom nobody knew: one could not have made them a bow, if one had met them at a public place *!" But superior minds sometimes throw out important truths, when they are little aware of it.

In 1756 our author published four odes, all of them excellent. It would be difficult to say which is most to be admired, whether the structure of the verse, the vividness of the conception, or the spirit of liberty, and the ardent love of independence throughout. The address to Milton, in his ode to Memory, and to Andrew Marvel, in that to Independence, cannot be too much admired. In his fine lines on Melancholy, his fondness for alliteration is too observable.

These and other odes of Mason's, together with Gray's, gave birth to two odes to Obscurity and Oblivion, written by Colman and Lloyd, as parodies on Gray's and Mason's. Dr. Anderson†, ever ready to bestow on each poet his appropriate praise, justly calls them admirable parodies; and even Gray could not but acknowledge their humour. "He (Colman) makes tolerable fun enough where I understand him, which is not always."

But what Lloyd over his bottle might think obscure,

* Gray's Memoir, p. 252.

† Life of Lloyd, in the Lives of the English poets, by Dr. Anderson, vol. x.

nien in their sober senses have thought sublime and luminous: nor have Johnson's criticisms destroyed their reputation*.

In speaking, however, thus of Lloyd, I by no means would be thought to underrate his wit, or to set at nought his critical discernment. He possessed much of both, and all poet laureats, professors of poetry, and young bards, from both our universities, though at the very top of Parnassus, may receive much instruction, as the town has entertainment, from his "poetry professors†." Even Gray and Mason might have been taught from it to drop some of their blossoms, or more properly their school-boy and university prejudices. But it is time to return to Aston.

The vicarage of Aston was peculiarly agreeable to our poet. It brought him to reside in his native country, and placed him in a genteel independence; it moreover found him employment agreeable to his disposition. He was fond of the pastoral office, and, as a preacher, generally admired: among his parishioners he was much esteemed; and, though he displayed a sufficient degree of elegance and hospitality among his more intimate friends, he overlooked not the poor. When appointed precentor of York, he composed a book on church music, which was of use also to his parishioners, whom he presented with an organ. In short, as a country clergyman he maintained a very respectable character.

That he was a believer in Christianity cannot be doubted, whatever may be said of Gray. His poems, however, never manifest the violence of a bigot, or the wrangler for metaphysical niceties; a circumstance

* See Johnson's Life of Gray. The critic studies throughout to sink the character of the poet; some of his criticisms, however, are accurate, but mixed with personal dislikes and jealousies.

† His works complete are in Dr. Anderson's edition of the English Poets.

which, poetically considered, shews the solidity of his judgment; for such a spirit gives littleness to poetry, though great poets have fallen into it.

This agreeable retreat was favourable to our author's genius for poetry, and his love of picturesque scenery, on which, from his early youth, he was accustomed to exercise his imagination. This love, at length, displayed itself at large in his *English Garland*, and was the foundation of his long and lasting friendship with Gilpin*.

Our author was fortunate in his matrimonial connexion; truly fortunate, if personal charms and moral excellence could have rendered him so; but truly unfortunate, in being deprived of them so immaturely. He was married, in 1765, to a most amiable woman, whose health was but indifferent at the time of their marriage; she fell at length into a rapid consumption, when Mason went with her to the last retreat of hopeless decline, Bristol hotwells, where she died in 1767. Gray's letter to Mason, while at that place, is full of eloquence; upon which the latter observes, "I opened it almost at the precise moment when it would be necessarily most affecting." Our poet wrote on the occasion the first and the most affecting of his sonnets†.

We must now speak a word or two concerning his two dramatic works, *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*.

It may perhaps be agreeable to the reader to receive Mason's own account of his object in the dramas, as explained in a letter to a friend.

"Had I intended to give an *exact copy* of the ancient drama, your objections to the present poem would be unanswerable. But my design was much less confined: I meant only to pursue the ancient method, so

* Author of the *Essay on Picturesque Beauty, Observations on the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberlan and Westmoreland, &c.*

† Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 65.

far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive, would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times, and the character of our tragedy. According to this notion, every thing was to be allowed to the present taste, which nature and Aristotle could possibly dispense with; and nothing of intrigue or refinement was to be admitted, at which ancient judgment could reasonably take offence. Good sense, as well as antiquity, prescribed an adherence to the three great unities; these, therefore, were strictly observed. But, on the other hand, to follow the modern masters in those respects, wherein they had not so faintly deviated from their predecessors, a story was chosen, in which the tender, rather than the nobler passions, were predominant, and in which love had the principal share*."

This the character of *Elfrida*; the observation will also apply to *Caractacus*; except, that the principal character of the latter is heroic.

It appears, then, that *Mason's* ambition was to steer between the irregularity of *Shakespeare*, and the classical severity of *Milton*. The former, not more from a consciousness of his mighty genius, than a desire to humour the false taste of the age, broke through all the ancient rules; the latter was not inferior to *Shakespeare* in talent, but disdained the lawless practice of his own times. Too proud to court fame, he left her to follow at her own leisure: I allude to his conduct in his admirable drama†, formed, without any concession to English custom, or the strict laws of *Aristotle*.

Of these two dramas, the former gained the greatest share of public applause; but the latter, and it should seem justly, the greatest approbation from ingenious criticism; for public admiration, and the truth of criticism, are not always the same, though they are apt to be confounded.

* Letter I. on *Elfrida*, in *Mason's Works*, vol. i, p. 273.

† *Samson Agonistes*.

Two other dramatic pieces have been written by our author; the first a lyrical drama, in three acts, entitled *Sappho*; the latter, called *Argentile and Curan*, a legendary drama. The *Sappho* contains some good poetry, more especially in the preliminary scene; and two or three very pretty songs. The scene lies in Sicily, and the story is Grecian. Venus, Cupid, and a Naiad, therefore, are here very proper personages, not contrary to the rule

Denique sit quidvis, simplex duntaxet & unum.

“ Possessing simplicity of design, and a oneness of
“ mythology.”

The legendary tale, written on the old English model, possesses considerable merit, and deserves to be better known.

The elegy (for an account is next to be given of his elegies) admits not the sublimity, but requires something of the elegance of the ode. Horace calls this measure *exiguus elegos*, slender elegies: it is well adapted to serious and melancholy subjects, but not exclusively. The cheerfulness of spring, the communicativeness of friendship, and the tenderness of love, move as agreeably in elegiac measure, as the horrors of death, or the querulousness of disappointment. The epistles of Ovid, no less than his *Tristium*, are elegiac, and Tibullus and Catullus are called elegiac, no less in their sportive, than in their serious moments.

Our author has written six poems, to which he affixes the name of elegy, some of a melancholy, all of a serious and moral cast. The first, addressed to a young nobleman on leaving the university, was written in 1753: the advice throughout is eloquent, and the close of it more particularly weighty and sententious. The second elegy, in the garden of a friend, was written in 1758: the sentiments in this are interesting, the descriptions natural, the arrangement is agreeable, “ the expression,” I here borrow Gray’s words, “ some-

times too easy." This was written in the garden of an English friend, who might, therefore, fairly enough have asked the poet who the lady and gentleman mentioned, or beings, more than mortals, are?

How soon obedient *Flora* brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance hung;
Vertumnus came; his earliest blooms he bore,
And thy rich sides with waving purple hung*.

The third is addressed to the present bishop Hurd, then vicar of Thurcaston in Leicestershire, to whose critical judgment he had submitted his poetical compositions: the introduction and ending of this ode are very excellent sentiments. His fourth, written in 1760, on the death of Lady Coventry, has been much admired; and, in point of novelty of design, elegance of composition, and manly tenderness, may be considered as his *chef d'oeuvre*.

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom,
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled),
Fair as the forms, that wove in Fancy loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head,

The structure of these lines is truly elegiac, and the sentiment beautifully poetic, a fair specimen of the whole. I must observe, however, though it is but noticing a speck of dirt on a mirror, that this poem abounds too much with antithesis, which does not agree with the solemn, dignified, and tender character of this elegy:

In life to lavish, or in death to spare,
Or shades with horror what with smiles should glow.

The elegy addressed to Miss Pelham on the death of her father (I take these elegies in the order in which they stand, in the last edition of Mason's works), was written in 1754, though not printed till the year 1796,

* Mason's Works, vol. i.

on account of Mr. Garrick's ode on the same subject, which (I borrow Mason's words) "got the start of his; for a poem, whose merit rested chiefly on picturesque imagery, and what is termed pure or mere poetry, was not calculated to vie, in point of popularity, with what was written in a plainer and less figurative mode, and conveyed in a more familiar style and stanza." This elegy possesses considerable merit, but is in many degrees inferior to the preceding.

The last of his elegies was written in the year 1787, in a church-yard in South Wales, which, though it savours of old age, being somewhat prattling, tame, and disjointed, yet is it the old age of Mason, and possesses considerable excellence: the principal feature in it is derived from the custom in South Wales, of planting flowers and herbs on the graves of their relations and friends. It is well characterized, by a friend of Mason's, thus:—"In the general church-yard (he alludes to Gray's elegy in a country church-yard) contemplation is more widely extended; in the other, particular concern is more nearly impressed. His verses inspire solemnity, which awes and arrests the mind. Yours breathe a tenderness, which soften and attract the heart. There are stanzas, in Gray's elegy, of what I venture to call sublime melancholy; in yours, of extreme sensibility."

It should be just observed of this elegy, that some of the endings of the lines, where the principal strength should rest, are sometimes, by the dactylic termination, weakened; and that the four last lines, where the principal weight of the moral reflections should have rested, are too antithetical, and even epigrammatic, a turn for so sensible a poem.

Unfeeling Wit may scorn, and Pride may frown,
 Yet Fancy, empress of the realms of song,
 Shall bless the decent mode, and Reason own,
 It may be right:—for who can prove them wrong?

Our author has written many shorter pieces at different periods, and on different occasions, in a spirit somewhat similar to that displayed in his elegies: such as sonnets, epitaphs, inscriptions, &c. But we shall not detain the reader by entering on an examination of them.

July 1771 was an era the most distressing in the life of our author. In 1770 he was visited at Aston by Gray, for the last time. The health of the latter was then precarious. He returned to Pembroke-hall, whence his last letter to Mason is dated, written at the end of May 1771, when he removed to London. He returned thence to college, where this fine genius paid the debt of nature. He died of a gout in the stomach. Thus was Mason deprived of his guide, philosopher, and friend.

When Mason received this sad intelligence he was at a distance from the direct post, on the eastern side of Yorkshire. He hastened to Cambridge; but did not arrive there till the corpse had been interred. The funeral obsequies had been performed under the direction of Dr. Brown, master of Pembroke-hall; but Mason united in the performance of the other trusts, having been made joint executor with the doctor. The following epitaph was written by Mason, and inscribed on a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected at the joint expence of Dr. Brown, Richard Stonehewer, auditor of the exchequer, and our author:

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gay.

But the English Garden is the poem on which Mason more particularly prided himself; and it is unquestionably an excellent performance. It is of the didactic form; written in blank verse; and, like the Georgics of Virgil, of which it is a professed imitation, contained

in four books; begun in 1767, a little after the death of Mrs. Mason.

—————To soothe
That agony of heart which they alone
Who best have lov'd, who best have been beloved,
Can feel or pity—————*

The design of the English Garden is to apply "the rules of imitative art to real nature †;" and, by proper selections, and agreeable combinations, in the relative position of hedges, buildings, trees, and water; by an accurate arrangement of lands, in reference to hills, vallies, and the like, to produce beautiful and picturesque scenery; an art but little known in Greece and Rome, and in which the English have surpassed all modern nations. Hence the title, *The English Garden*.

In this poem, in opposition to the false taste of our fore-fathers, "the dull uniformity" of vistas, "the contrivance quaint" of Chinese gardens, and the laboured littleness of tasteless wealth, our author proposes to transplant from art to nature, proceeding on the principles of painting:

—————The contrasts broad,
The careless lines, whose undulating forms
Play through the varied canvas—————‡.

The principles are ingeniously and poetically laid down in the first book; the other three deliver precepts for the application of them. The different parts were written and published at different periods, but are now thrown together, and form an agreeable whole.

Some of the principles of the first book, however, have been thought by some critics, enemies to the im-

* Mason's Works, vol. ii. p. 2.

† Dr. Burgh's Commentaries on the English Garden.

‡ English Garden.

provements of Brown, to incline too much to this system. Of this number more particularly is the author of an *Essay on the Picturesque* *.

The author differs in his definition of picturesque from Gilpin † and Mason, though he does not mention the name of the latter. But Brown he attacks without reserve. After noticing the distinction between the painter and improver, and maintaining the principles of both arts to be the same, he proceeds to shew, that Brown's system of improving is at variance with both. But we must not enter into the merits of the dispute, nor pursue such nice discriminations.

Mason seems to have been not a little mortified by this writer, and has expressed his indignation in two sonnets ‡, in which he also includes Knight ||. The latter writer he addresses also in a distinct piece of the same species of composition.

The lines addressed to a Gravel Walk, are very pretty, but the sonnet is ill adapted to express the angry passions; and Mason has shewn more zeal than judgment, in attacking a history of well-authenticated facts §.

After the plan of the Mantuan poet, of whose *Georgics*, as before observed, the *English Garden* is a professed imitation, and to relieve from the monotony of precept, Mason diversifies the style of his work in the

* Mr. Price.

† *Essay on Picturesque*, chap. 3. and Appendix. The term *picturesque beauty* Price rejects as improper, and considers the picturesque and beautiful as distinct terms, like rough and smooth.

‡ Sonnet 9, occasioned by a late Attack on the present Taste of English Gardens, and Ode 10, to a Gravel Walk.

|| Author of a didactic poem on the progress of civil society, and of the landscape.

§ The facts contained in this history are uniformly confirmed by a work less obnoxious to public prejudice. See *Maurice's Indian Antiquities*, vol. vi.

fourth book, and forms it into an entire story. In the management of it, however, if any opinion may be ventured, he shews less judgment than the Roman poet, in proportion to the length of the story. In Virgil *, the History of Aristæus and Orpheus is not continued too long, and indeed forms a most interesting and expressive kind of epilogue. In Mason, the didactic form of his poem is lost sight of too long. The story of Nerena and Alcander embraces a whole book; and the length and interest of the dialogue give it too much the form of the drama.

His other poems, that have not yet been mentioned, must barely be noticed; for we have already exceeded our bounds: An Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain; a Secular Ode for 1788, and one or two others, with several sonnets already alluded to, of different degrees of merit, three of which are addressed to his friend Bishop Hurd; the Birth of Fashion, and Protogenes and Apelles, deserve distinct mention.

Mason wore his faculties well, lived to a good old age, and produced his annual sonnet to the last; and died, at length, not of old age or disease, but overtaken by an accident. While getting into his carriage, his foot slipped and received a bruise; he took no notice of it for several days, but on the 3d of April a mortification ensued, which in forty-eight hours put a period to his life, in the seventy-second year of his age. The character with which he ought to be handed down to posterity, is that of a man virtuous in his morals, amiable in his manners, and ornamental in the republic of letters; but, as a divine, destitute neither of bigotry nor prudence.

* Georg. Lib. iv.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

JUNE 17. **T**HE season here closed with the play of *Love for Love*, and the entertainment of *The Follies of the Day*. Mr. King came forward before the curtain dropped, and, in a neat address, thanked the audience, in the name of the proprietors, for their favours throughout the season, and assured them of a continuance of their exertions.

COVENT GARDEN.

JUNE 13. The season concluded with a comedy entitled *The Lie of the Day*, the farce of *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and the opera of *Paul and Virginia*, for the benefit of Mr. O Keeffe, the father of modern comedy. The house was well attended. At the close Mr. Lewis came forward, and thus addressed the audience:

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“Though it is the custom for us to tender our thanks to you at the end of the season, yet give me leave to assure you, in the name of the proprietors and the performers of this theatre, that in expressing our feelings on this occasion, we are not influenced by a mere conformity to custom, but deliver the sincerest effusions of gratitude, and permit me to add, that on every future season it will be our ambition to deserve and our pride to acknowledge your kindness and protection.”

HAY MARKET THEATRE.

JUNE 13. *Mr. Colman* commenced his season with the comedy of *The Heir at Law*. The house has undergone no visible alteration. The performers were greeted by the audience, who, though not very numerous, presented a scene of much respectability.

16. A new farce was brought forward under the name of *TIS ALL A FARCE*.

CHARACTERS.

Belgardo.....	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
Alphonso.....	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Gortez.....	<i>Mr. Emery.</i>
Testy.....	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Numpy.....	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Caroline.....	<i>Miss Menage.</i>

The piece is ascribed to the pen of *Mr. Allingham*, and it is full of bustle and animation. It received considerable marks of approbation.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1800.

REASON.

THOU beam of light ! shot from the eternal mind !
For what fair purpose, say, art thou design'd ?

Dost thou not radiate the human breast,
To fit it for the enjoyments of the bless'd ?

For me, I venerate thy sacred ray,
Improv'd, 'twill pour an intellectual day ;

Error retreats before thy sacred light,
And all the sons of darkness take their flight ;

Before thee, *mists of prejudice* dispel,
And *persecution* seeks her native hell.

O ray divine ! be it mine thy light t'improve,
Till my heart glows with universal love ;

Do thou my feet to true religion guide,
Nor let me bend to priestcraft's gloomy pride,

By which the sectary forms his narrow plan,
And deals damnation to his fellow man ;

Clear thou my eyes the sacred page to see,
And thou my best expositor shalt be ;

By thee I learn to worship God alone,
The boundless, infinite, eternal One !

Thy sacred light shall best explain his laws,
And shew them worthy of the great First Cause ;

Shall warm my heart with heav'n-awaken'd zeal,
And teach me love for all mankind to feel ;

In all my woes shall point the hand of God,
And shew the wisdom that directs the rod ;

The rebel passions to his will resign,
And adoration to submission join.

Thou brightest gift of favouring heaven to man,
'Tis by thy aid that science learns to scan
The laws that actuate this revolving sphere,
Whence *summer* warms and *winter* chills the year;
Whence *spring* distils her vivifying showers,
Whence bounteous *autumn* yields her luscious stores;
Discovers whence the moon her changes draws,
And how by her old ocean ebbs and flows;
By thee she views the planets as they run
Their various orbits round the central sun,
Descries the comet's long elliptic way,
And fearless sees the fiery meteors play.

By thee too taught, the philosophic sage
Of *nature's* ample volume turns the page;
Her various beauties, open to his sight,
Inspire devotion and awake delight,
Whether he views her heaven-resplendent bow,
And learns the laws by which its colours glow,
Whence showers descend, whence thunders roll on high,
Whence forked lightnings dart across the sky,
Whence storms proceed, whence inundations pour,
Or views her softer beauties in a flower;
As each successive page he studious turns,
The God through all her work he still discerns.

Without thy aid how poor were human power!
Man, child of dust, and phantom of an hour!
Had envied brutes their far superior skill,
And felt himself the weaker creature still.
Taught by thy light, mechanics rise to view
The lever, balance, pulley, and the screw;
These principles to feeble man supply,
A power from which the strongest beast must fly;
By these the loftiest buildings rise to view,
By these the ships their watery course pursue;
By these man heaves the mountain's ponderous load;
By these extends his empire o'er the globe.

Nor these alone—the softer arts are thine,
Music and sculpture, painting and design.

Ah ! didst not thou the melody inspire,
When music wakes her soul-enchanting lyre,
'Twere discord all—the ungracious jarring sound
Would shock the ear, and every sense astound.
'Tis thou that dost the just proportion give,
By which the sculptor bids the marble live.
The artist too must learn from thee to blend
The lights and shades, which to his picture lend
The mimic life—what time, his hand beneath,
The glowing canvas almost seems to breathe.

But greater blessings still to thee we owe ;
Who know not reason, cannot virtue know ;
'Tis by thy sacred light she learns to rise,
Asserts her birth-right, and affects the skies.
Friendship, by thee directed, yields a balm
To human woe—bids sorrow's storms be calm.
Love lights at thy chaste beam his purest torch,
Whose holy flame shall virtue never scorch ;
In all his joys 'tis thine to give that zest,
By which his votaries emulate the bless'd.
Thou shinest too on mercy's moving strain,
Which pleads for negroes gall'd by slavery's chain.
Lo ! the poor black stands pointing to his breast
(Oppression's furrows on his cheek imprest)
While there he shews a glimmering of thy light,
He proves his kindred to the happier white.

Ye Britons listen, mercy calls to you !

“ Where God sends reason, send your freedom too ;
“ Thus shall Britannia's laurels fresher grow,
“ And while th' immortal chaplet binds her brow,
“ Among the deathless leaves my gems shall shine,
“ And circle her with radiance all divine.”

ANNA MARIA.

ON

READING SHENSTONE'S PASTORALS.

GENTLE Shenstone! thy beautiful lays,
 So sweetly pathetic and true;
 To all—the idea conveys
 Of refinement in love—felt by few.

How I grieve, that an heart so replete
 With affection, with tenderness, truth,
 In return, should indifference meet,
 And that crush'd, were the hopes of thy youth?

Could thy Phillis, unmov'd, hear thy tale?
 Could she trifle with worth such as thine?
 Could she view thee with anguish grow pale?
 And unpity'd allow thee to pine?

Cruel nymph!—but the conflict is o'er—
 Hush'd thy sighs, and thy bosom at peace;
 Dark Despair shall assail thee no more,
 For thou'rt gone where all sorrow shall cease,

ANNA.

CANZONET.

SWEET pipe! thou choice boon of my fair,
 Ere yet she had learnt to betray,
 O breathe some mellifluent air,
 To chase the long minutes away.
 But in vain I my woes would forget,
 Whilst my charmer roves far from mine eyes!
 False echoes! why mock my regret?
 Ye zephyrs! why slight thus my sighs?

Ah rather, my passion to speak,
 A kiss to my Amoret bear!
 O would ye but drop on her cheek
 One pledge of my anguish—a tear!

Go ask, gentle messengers ! why
 These arms the ingrate hath forsook ?
 Alas ! I foretel her reply !—
 “ Poor Thyrsis has nought but his crook.”

Yet what though no corn-fields have I,
 No flocks o'er the mountains that rove ;
 She will not, she cannot deny,
 Poor Thyrsis is *ample in love* !
 Though sweet to the traveller's ear,
 The soft lulling murmur of rills ;
 Though wild thyme to Hybla be dear,
 Or goats love to climb the steep hills ;
 Though the arbutë be sweet to the bees,
 To shepherds the wide-spreading tree ;
 Yet sweeter, far sweeter than these,
 Are the smiles of my charmer to me !
 Cease, my pipe ! cease thy warbling—for hark !
 Some footsteps approach my retreat—
 Why, Hylax ! that gratulant bark ?
 Why gambol so blithe at my feet ?
 Why, lambkins, forbear ye to feed,
 Your heads all erect at the sound ?
 Some swain haply trips through the mead,
 In search of a kid newly drown'd,
 Ah no ! behold yonder, my fair !
 To sorrow I now bid adieu ;
 The zephyrs have heard my fond prayer,
 And Amoret's bosom is true !

Lynn.

W. CASE, JUN.

PROLOGUE,

*Written for and spoken at a Young Ladies Boarding School at
Kentish Town.*

WELCOME, kind friends! I'm hither sent to pay
The muses tribute, previous to our play;
In truth I own 'tis not without some fear
That I have ventur'd to address you here:
But to each generous mind, each candid breast
I give my cause, and to their kindness trust.
Mine is the pleasing task, now plac'd in view,
To plead for those who wish to pleasure you;
Oh! then let first our kind instruction claim
Your meed of praise, for it has been her aim
Each mind to form, and with indulgent care,
This evening's trifle for you to prepare.
To speak for those of whom I am a part,
I feel a magic influence at my heart;
'Tis gratitude and friendship both combin'd,
That now with pleasure triumph in my mind:
For them then let me with submission sue,
Convinc'd I am their utmost they will do
To win your smiles---and if a virtuous cause
Deserves success, we need not fear applause.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WHEN first the infant bird attempts to fly,
And cautious spreads its pinions to the sky,
Each happy breeze the timid trav'ller cheers,
Assits its efforts, and allays its fears;
Return'd, how pleas'd it views the shelt'ring nest
From which it rose, with hope and fear oppress'd.
Like this is ours, this night we ventur'd out
On juv'nile wing, appall'd by many a doubt.
Cheer'd by your sanction, every peril o'er,
With joy we hail this welcome, friendly shore:

Our little band, ambitious now to raise
A pleasing off'ring for your wreath of praise
On them bestow'd, depute me here to tell
The lively feelings that their bosoms swell;
For your indulgent and parental part,
They know the triumph of a grateful heart :
That each revolving year shall truly prove
How much they honour, how sincere they love;
And, for your fost'ring care will make return,
By filial duty, and a wish to learn.

Barnard's Inn.

T. G***.

ON YOUTH.

A FRAGMENT.

O H, youth ! could dark futurity reveal
Her hidden worlds, unlock her cloud-hung gates,
Or snatch the keys of mystery from time.
Your souls would madden at the piercing sight
Of fortune, wielding high her woe-born arms
To crush aspiring genius, seize the wreath
Which fond imagination's hand had weav'd,
Strip its bright beams, and give the wreck to air——
Forth from Cimmeria's nests of vipers, lo !
Pale envy trails its cherish'd form, and views,
With eye of cockatrice, the little pile
Which youthful merit has essay'd to raise ;
From shrouded night his blacker arm he draws,
Replete with vigour from each heavenly blast,
To cloud the glories of that infant sun,
And hurl the fabric headlong to the ground.
How oft, alas ! through that envenom'd blow,
The youth is doom'd to leave his careful toils
To slacken and decay, which might, perchance,
Have borne him up on ardor's wing to fame.
And should we not, with equal pity, view
The fair frail wanderer, doom'd, through perjur'd vows,
To lurk beneath the rigid stoic's frown,

'Till that sweet moment comes, which her sad days
 Of infamy, of want, and pain have wing'd.
 But here the reach of human thought is lost !
 What, what must be the parent's heart-felt pangs,
 Who sees his child (perchance his only child !)
 Thus strug'ling in the abyss of despair,
 To sin indebted for a life of woe.
 Still worse, if worse can be ! the thought must sting
 (If e'er reflection calls it from the bed
 Of low oblivion) that ignoble wretch,
 The cruel instrument of all their woes :
 Sure it must cut his adamant heart
 More than ten thousand daggers onward plung'd,
 With all death's tortures quivering on their points.
 Oh ! that we could but pierce the siren guise
 Spread out before the unsuspecting mind,
 Which, conscious of its innocence within,
 Treads on the rose-strew'd path, but finds, too late,
 That ruin opes its pond'rous jaws beneath.
 Lo ! frantic grief succeeds the bitter fall,
 And pining anguish mourns the fatal step ;
 Till that great pow'r who, ever watchful stands,
 Shall give it grace from his eternal throne
 To feel the faithful tear of penitence---
 The only recompense for ill-spent life.

Barnard's Inn.

T. G.

ON A DIAMOND,

WHAT art upon the gem bestows,
 Its many-angled surface shews ;
 Yet faintly would the skill be known,
 But for the lustre of the stone :
 So with a well enlighten'd mind,
 When those attainments are combin'd,
 Which modes of polish'd life require,
 And pleasing all, we all admire,
 The rays of mental splendour that we trace,
 More charming charm, add grace to every grace.

12th April,
 1800.

LINES

ON THE

CONQUEST OF SERINGAPATAM.

HENCE each festive Muse away,
Be silent now ye jovial quire,
Nobler subjects claim the lay,

To Albion's glories strike the lyre!

Her triumphs, Muse, rehearse,

In songs of loftiest verse;

Let these, let these be shown,

Far as her fame is known,

In strains more lasting than the sculptur'd stone,

Now on India's scorching plain,

Britain's armed files behold,

Their feet, nor urged by lust of gold,

Nor led in baleful Plunder's train:

But patriot zeal each heart inspires,

Each crest elates, each bosom fires;

They dare Hindostan's hostile pow'rs,

And scornful view his lofty tow'rs;

They pant for war, scarce brook the long delay,
Their king and country's cause the watchword of the day,

But hark around!

The brazen trumpet's sound

To conquest calls each warlike soul!

Stern war with clam'rous throat,

Swift drowns each milder thought:

The clarions shrilly speak! the long drums roll!

Now with horrid din,

The onset both begin,

The deep-mouth'd cannon dreadful roar,

The glitt'ring breast-plates blaze

Bright sol's refulgent rays,

While Indian arrows missive ruin pour,

Prone on the plain,

The warriors slain,

Promiscuous drench'd in gore lie spread ;
No longer green,
Th' embattled field is seen,
Each trench and rivulet now flows with crimson red.
Encircled by a chosen band
Great Saib, Indostan's chief, behold ;
Array'd in armour bright with gold,
And jewels, natives of his sand ;
But ne'er can tyranny withstand,
Valour arm'd in freedom's right,
He falls by some advent'rous hand,
Amidst the thickest of the fight,
In death's pale agonies he grasps the sand,
And shuts his dying eyes in endless night.
Alas ! how little aid him then his gold and jewels bright ?
Ah ! little did he think that morn,
When seated on his gorgeous throne,
Albion's pow'r he seem'd to scorn,
And think the prostrate world his own :
That ere, alas ! that sun should leave
Deserted of his beams the plain,
That self same sun should see at eve
Him stretch'd beneath a heap of slain :
Should view the Monarch of the East,
Whom millions press'd at morn t' adore,
At night, a prey to each fell beast,
The tiger's and the vulture's feast ;
All besmeared with gore,
Less than the least of those he rul'd before !
But lo ! a shout ascends the sky !
Presage bright of victory !
See ! they fly ! they fly ! they fly !
Slaughter, rout, and pallid fear,
With hideous forms and hagg'd eyes appear ;
Driv'n by terror and dismay,
Their arms the Indians cast away,
The Britons rush like light'ning on their prey !
On their firm lines,
Bright vict'ry shines,
And valour urges with a quick'ning ray.

Inward they rush t' avoid their fate,
And firmly bar the massive gate ;
But nor the gate, nor tow'ring walls,
Nor huge portcullis, nor the massive bar,
Can stay fierce Britain's war ;
Each obstacle before their thunder falls.
Deprived now of ev'ry shield,
The Indians to their conq'rors yield,
And own the British heroes masters of the field.

LINES ON ANTICIPATED PLEASURE.

THERE is a prospect so divinely bright,
Can give to me most exquisite delight.
Not all the various beauties nature boasts,
Whether at sea, or on Britannia's coasts ;
Nor setting sun, nor fields, nor meadows green,
Nor rising morn, unclouded and serene,
Nor beauteous night with all her starry train,
Nor autumn blooming with her golden grain,
Nor shady groves, nor wild meand'ring streams,
Nor the gay visions of delusive dreams,
With it can vie. It is that charming view,
That prospect, " ever pleasing, ever new,"
Of Adbaston's delight, thro' the vista seen
Of twelve long months, whilst often intervene,
Thoughts on the past felicities of home,
And those still sweeter—those that are to come !
There may, perhaps, in circles proud and gay,
Whose nights are made transparent as the day,
Whose days again are chang'd from glorious light
To the dark regions of old sable night,
Be pleasure found ; but 'tis not found by me,
Nor can they give, I think, true felicity.
There are not living, in this world below,
Such real joys, as from pure friendship flow.
O when that orb of light, the glorious sun,
Has thro' each sign his annual journey run,
And the time comes, when from my lonely seat,
Where books and studies form the only treat,
I go to visit Adbastonean plains,
What transports thrill thro' all my youthful veins !

Fancy wings her flight, O heaven-born queen;
 And paints with rapture many a happy scene;
 A father's company (whose pleasing tale,
 Crown'd with a pipe and cheerful glass of—ale,
 Recounts with joy how oft his faithful gun
 He last year levell'd, and what game he won;
 A mother's fondness for her darling child*,
 A sister's converse, charming, sweet, and mild;
 A brother's love—a friend—true as can live,
 These are the themes which heart-felt pleasure give!
 But ah! these pleasures soon, too soon are past,
 " 'Tis happiness too exquisite to last!"

January 23, 1800.

J. M.

BIRTH DAY ODE.

TO MARY.

SWEET is the breath of early chaste-ey'd morn,
 When od'rate flow'rs perfuming blend with air;
 Sweet is the blushing rose when day's first dawn
 Peeps forth and smiles throughout the lucid tear.

Sweet with the morn ascending 'tis to trace,
 Ere ardent Phœbus sheds his genial heat,
 The vernal beauties of fair nature's face,
 And court the zephyrs in the cool retreat,

Or in the mystic grot, or length'ning maze,
 Or midst the flow'ry vale, or verdant field,
 Or where the margent stream meandring plays,
 Or rocky founts melodious murmurs yield.

These, which invite the soul to solemn thought,
 And the pure heart to sacred musing bend;
 So by this day's bright affluence am I taught
 To muse the virtues of my bosom's friend.

Let loftier bards in jargon pomp rehearse,
 Who would of Fame the bauble wreath beguile;
 Capricious sons!—I prize your fame, nor verse,
 The wreath I seek, is Mary's fav'ring smile!

Inner Temple.

CAROLUS.

* Some, perhaps, may smile at this expression, though I believe it is often applied to the youngest of a family.

Literary Review.

Constantia Neville; or, the West Indian. A Novel, in Three Volumes. By Helena Wells, Author of the Step Mother, &c. Cadell and Davies.

THE generality of novels are abominable. The trite sentiments, affected language, and pernicious tendency, which characterise most of these publications, call for severe reprehension. And yet *these* are the productions with which circulating libraries are stuffed, and by the perusal of which young minds of both sexes are materially injured. Such trash ought to be prohibited, or at least hooted out of society. From this nauseous produce of the press we, however, turn with pleasure to *Constantia Neville, or the West Indian*, a novel of considerable respectability.

Miss Wells has already distinguished herself by other publications; and we are glad to find her talents so happily devoted to the improvement of her fellow creatures. The story is natural, the style pleasing, and the design perfectly unexceptionable. We therefore recommend it to our young readers of every description.

It is no inconsiderable mark of this lady's good sense, that she rejects all *outré* scenes; ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, she consigns to their merited oblivion, and professes to delineate *men and manners*, a never failing source of entertainment and instruction! Were *all* novels conducted on the plan of *Constantia Neville*, they would be entitled to equal commendation.

We shall transcribe one entire chapter—the specimen, we doubt not, will gratify the reader, whose enlightened judgment and correct taste enable him to relish plain and simple beauties :

“ CHAP. VIII.

“ Eyes dazzled long by fiction’s gaudy rays,
“ In modest truth no light nor beauty find.

BEATTIE’S MINSTREL.

“ “ And this is called a novel ? ” says one of my youthful readers at the conclusion of the last chapter. ‘ I protest, I expected from the title some amusement in looking it over ; but if the author goes on in this stupid style, I shall send the remaining volumes back to the library. Why there is not an old castle to be pried into, nor a rusty key found, nor a pretty description of any thing we have never seen the like of, in the whole book.’

“ To such criticisers of Constantia, I will give this piece of information, that the farther they proceed in her history, the less will they find it adapted to their taste ; as though placed in situations of trial and difficulty, none of them are occasioned by a desire to gratify an inordinate curiosity, which leads those who possess it to penetrate through stone walls, and explore dungeons, rather than not be mistress of the hidden secret. They will, notwithstanding, discover both fortitude and perseverance in the conduct of Miss Neville, while her highest ambition is to be considered a dutiful affectionate daughter, a sincere friend, and a professor of the religion of her ancestors, from a thorough conviction of the purity of its precepts, and the blessings it diffuses to society. So my dear young ladies, if you go on, remember it is at your own-risk ; you must acquit me of any intention to trick you into a perusal of old-fashioned sentiments, and the incidents of common life.

“ Mr. Montagu Neville now deemed it requisite to explain to his father, that having become security to a considerable amount for an intimate friend, who had been obliged suddenly to leave Barbadoes, he had it not at present in his power to remit either bills or produce, though he hoped very shortly to get the better of his embarrassments, when every exertion should be made to put the affairs of the concern into a proper

train, so that no real injury might be sustained by the circulation being for a time impeded. This was a blow little expected by Mr. Neville. Some decisive step it was necessary to take. Many persons had advised sending an attorney to Jamaica, to seize on the property of Bellmour, who had lately married a widow of no fortune, whose son, by her husband, he immediately sent to England, and at his (or rather his creditors') cost, the youth was receiving a most liberal and expensive education. To delegate to a mercenary stranger the task of revising their son's proceedings, appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Neville harsh and unnatural, while it was obviously as necessary to put a stop to his career, as to assert their claims in Jamaica. A very few days' deliberation sufficed to determine Mrs. Neville on the part it was necessary for her to take. A voyage to the West Indies, unaccompanied by any of her own family, was not to be considered as a matter of choice; undertaken with a view to serve objects so deservedly dear, it had no terrors to the mind that could project it. Mr. Neville consented, with reluctance, to the measure, while he felt its propriety, and that to no other person but his wife, sufficient authority could be given to induce Bellmour to come to a settlement. Of her influence on her son's mind he entertained no doubts; to whom by letter, he in the strongest terms, represented the state to which his imprudence had brought three people, whose welfare and happiness it should have been the study of his life to promote. Anxiety for his daughter's future provision, now that he had not the power of vesting property in the funds in her name when she became of age, which he had for some time resolved upon, prompted him to request the son to yield to her his share of Mr. Hayman's nuptial present; the amount of the part settled on the children, though originally but five hundred pounds, with the accumulation of interest for so many years, was, in the opinion of a father, an object of importance to secure, in case of sudden death, for the maintenance of his daughter.

"The blank in Constantia's enjoyments at the departure of her mother, was most sensibly felt, while she strove to support her father's spirits, who soon lost relish for any society but her's. The season, when in the opinion of the fashionable world, London becomes a desert, having now arrived, she was

released from all engagements but those in which her heart was interested, and that led her to find the most ecstatic delight in the performance of her duty. A parent in affliction has claims upon our tenderness of a nature scarcely definable; it is, (if the expression be allowable) an union of the filial and parental affections; we may nurture and cherish those from whom we have received the gift of life, though we do not, like the Roman matron, furnish food to the body from that fountain from which it is intended our offspring should derive support.

“Of what service would it be to relate to my readers, how few of Miss Neville’s acquaintance sought to draw her from retirement? Those generous spirits who are the friends of our virtues and good qualities, not the lovers of the exquisite viands they meet at our tables, need not a stimulative to do good to those labouring under the pressure of misfortune; and the selfish many, who flee from the presence of such, as if poverty were infectious, while their conduct proves that they do not comprehend the precepts of the divine moralist, can it be matter of surprise if the lash of the satyrist wave over their heads equally unregarded?

“Mrs. Rochford, to do her justice, was always desirous of having Miss Neville for her guest, and expressed the deepest regret that she could not accompany her to the country; the latter was still the enlivening companion, she claimed no person’s sympathy, for the affairs of her family were never the subject of her discourse; excepting the separation from her mother, the change of circumstances took from Constantia no part of her comforts. The hours formerly occupied in riding out, paying or receiving visits, were now of inestimable value. She had ever wooed time as a friend, whose stay she wished prolonged, rather than as an enemy, to kill whom is the sole pursuit of the idle,

“Mr. Neville’s seclusion had much more fatal effects; habituated to exercise, and the lover of social intercourse, his abstaining from both engendered complaints that neither medicine nor filial tenderness could eradicate. The account of the safe arrival of Mrs. Neville, and that Montagu was doing every thing for their benefit they could themselves desire, gave a filip to nature, of which it stood much in need. Penetrated with the detail of his father’s disappointments and losses, the

son gave the most positive assurances that his future conduct should be of that nature, as would, he trusted, atone for past imprudence. The omitting to answer that part of the letter which related to the transfer of his share of so trifling a sum to his sister, was not imputed by Mr. Neville to his being reluctant to the measure. When, however, the next mail arrived, all doubts were removed, by his refusing to comply with the request, alledging in excuse, the uncertainty of West India property, and that, small as the sum was, its being secure in England might make it at some future period of great service to himself, while it could not be of much importance to his sister, whom he should ever consider entitled to share his fortune, of which disposition towards her, he trusted there required no other pledge but his word. High sounding periods make little impression in favour of the party that has recourse to them, when actions do not correspond with declarations. Mr. Neville was pained to the soul by discovering the selfish narrow policy that influenced the conduct of his only son. Having never communicated his intentions to his daughter, he forbore to acquaint her with the result of his proposal, though he could not restrain his indignation when answering the letter, the receipt of which had conveyed to his mind the strong conviction of the unworthiness of the writer. By this proceeding the affectionate parent sowed in the mind of Montagu seeds of dislike and jealousy towards his sister, who cherished for him sentiments of the tenderest affection, and sincerest regard; judging of his feelings by her own, she considered their interests inseparable, and to promote his, scrupled not to make any sacrifices he required, thinking that to assist a brother in distress, all personal considerations should be forgotten. Alas! how painful to the generous mind, is the first sensation of distrust it experiences. We cling to early impressions, till the lacerated heart is compelled to acknowledge them to be erroneous. Fortunate may we think ourselves if the discovery be made in time to preserve our peace of mind. Exquisite sensibility is too often enshrined in a feeble form, when the former is deeply wounded, the latter bends beneath the chilling blight of unkindness, as the bearded thistle under the blast which sweeps mournfully across the lone heath!

“In detailing the sufferings of a victim of principle, how does the heart sicken to be compelled to paint from the life,

the Bellmours' and Montagus' of the world, triumphantly feeding on the spoils of the upright, noble-minded Nevilles, denying themselves every gratification, from a fear of infringing on the rights of others. The hope of immortality, and the peace which dwells within, smooth the rugged road of the one, while under the roses which strew the path of the other, lurks a thorn, whose wounds are past remedying. In the hour of calm reflection, who would not rather wish to be Neville, brought to an early grave by ingratitude and treachery, than either of those whose extravagance caused them to involve in ruin, the man, without whose countenance and protection, they had never been known?

"Could Constantia reason thus! Who but the cold sceptic, that affects to despise the consolations of religion, would ask such a question?

"To view paralysed the hand that was wont to yield the pressure of affection; the eye rolling in vacancy that ever beamed with intelligence, and the voice mute, to which we have listened with rapture; these are trials that appal the stoutest heart. What effect must they have on the fervid imagination of youth? Constantia was herself in the gloom of a sick chamber; with every fibre on the rack, she was able to administer the last sad offices to a dying parent, to catch the parting sigh, and to contemplate the smile that irradiated the countenance in death. Blush ye that dread to watch the expiring lamp of life, that quit with indecent haste the spot where lie the remains of those whom, when living ye affected to honour; blush, I say, at the superior fortitude of one, who, though young in years, was old enough in habits of reflection to feel the propriety of continuing under the same roof with the remains of her much loved parent, till all that was mortal of him was consigned to its native earth!

"When this sad hour was past, when mental or bodily exertion could benefit no person but herself, then did the strength fail. Nature is only capable of making certain efforts, and the more the mind strives for mastery over the body, the greater shock does the animal system sustain when the conflict is over.

"The principal clerk of Mr. Neville was most devotedly attached to the interests of his master's family. His wife, a respectable woman, had, at his desire, taken up her residence

in Bloomsbury Square, on the first surmise of Mr. Neville's life being in danger. She continued her attentions to the daughter, who through her kindness, aided by skilful medical advice, was soon pronounced to be in a convalescent state. The habitation of Somers, though humble, was by no means devoid of those accommodations which the English with peculiar emphasis denominate *comforts*. It was in the skirts of the town, and change of air being prescribed for Miss Neville, she proposed to Mrs. Somers to become her boarder, till letters from her mother should direct her how to dispose of herself. Absorbed by the poignancy of her sorrow, and the magnitude of her loss, she was wholly indifferent to outward objects; the innocent endearments of the children of the worthy couple, under whose roof she now was, awakened feelings that contributed more to reconcile her to life, than volumes of any other book but that of nature could have done. *The Lady*, from her kindness and condescension, soon became as attractive to the young folks, as from her mournful garb she had at first sight been repulsive.

"Could short-sighted mortals pry into the events of futurity, it is not improbable that Mrs. Neville, on her daughter's account, would have sought to keep up that kind of correspondence with her sister Mrs. Williamson, as would on this emergency have ensured to her an asylum in her house. The modes of education and habits of living of the two sisters have been already declared to be wholly opposite. In less than a year after the arrival of the Neville family in England, the reverend Doctor and his lady made an excursion to the metropolis, the former to thank the Lord Chancellor for preferment, perhaps to purchase books; the latter, to pay visits and hear the news. When the joy at seeing her sister after so long a separation subsided, she expressed her surprize at her niece not being sent to school; adding, that she was not the least like her nephew Montagu, who had an ease of manners and address about him, which would never have been acquired, had he sat *mopish* by his father's fire-side all day, which she presumed Miss Constantia was allowed to do. The sparkling eye and rosy tint on her cheek, as well as firm step when she walked, would have given the lie to such an accusation, if those who made it had not been wilfully blind. To pursue the conversation no farther (though it was renewed every time

the sisters met) their sentiments respecting the disposal of the fair exotic, were so discordant, that an irremediable breach was the consequence, and when, on the death of the Doctor, of which the only notice received was by the public papers, Mrs. Neville felt disposed to offer consolation, she was withheld from doing so, lest her sister should impute to interested motives her wishing at that season to renew the connection.

“ The death happening at the moment that remittances from both Montagu and Belmour failed, when a change in the style of living took place, and declared to all busy enquirers, that Mr. Neville’s affairs were not in the most prosperous state. The voyage to the West Indies being entered upon almost as soon as suggested, the anxious mother had neither recollection nor leisure for writing to a sister of whom she had not heard, except through report, for so many years.

“ Thus was Constantia left without a probability of receiving attention from any person but Mrs. Rochford, who failed not on this occasion to pay her tribute of condolence, while she reiterated her offers of friendship, closing her letter with a promise of returning to London as soon as Mr. Rochford’s engagements would permit, when she trusted her friend would make her house a home, nor think of separating till the arrival of her mother or brother should require her presence elsewhere. Much as it gratified Constantia to receive such proofs of attachment from her oldest female acquaintance in England, it would have accorded better with her present frame of mind to have declined entering into so gay a circle. Somers endeavoured to shew her the propriety of accepting Mrs. Rochford’s invitation; he grieved to see his revered master’s daughter veiled in obscurity, yet he wished to let the house for the winter, that she had lately occupied, as by that means he would be furnished with ready-money to supply her necessities, and defray incidental expences, without touching on bills remitted from correspondents, which could immediately be appropriated to the discharge of debts already incurred. Little sensible of the value of money, Constantia had, however, too just a mode of thinking and judging, not to feel the full force of such arguments. The interval she past in endeavouring to fortify her mind for whatever of adverse fortune might yet be her portion; well aware that in Mrs. Rochford’s circle of acquaintance, as well as her own, she would now be considered

in a state of dependence, she determined to become callous to the sneers of the meanly proud, to be silent where her sentiments, if expressed, could not be in unison with those of the people she associated with, and to keep a strict guard on herself, in delivering even to Mr. or Mrs. Rochford, her opinion of the various persons who might frequent their house.

“ Little did Mr. Neville imagine that when cultivating the faculties and refining the taste of his daughter, he ought rather to have been engaging professors to teach her those accomplishments that may be deemed mechanical, and that the studies which in the first part of her life constituted her chief happiness, could not afterwards be pursued for fear of giving offence, by an appearance of arrogating to herself a superiority of which she never thought. To excel in the arts of pleasing when no longer a favourite of fortune, the heart requires to be cased in adamant, the tongue to be chained except for the purposes of flattery, and a ready acquiescence to the sentiments of superiors, while the hands and eyes must be perpetually employed in their service, or in administering to their amusement. If any of the affluent of my own sex, guilty of imposing this mental slavery on the humble dependant, should condescend to read these pages, let me advise them to consider well the probable consequences of such tyranny. Through *their* harsh treatment should the hunted doe break the pales that separate her from the vicious, how dreadful will be their reflections when that hour cometh which awaiteth all living, and to ward off which, even for a day, no expedient can be devised.

“ Until the chief glory of women consists in protecting and supporting each other in what is laudable, so long may we despair of a reformation in morals. The delicately brought up unportioned young female, is truly an object of commiseration; most fervently does the writer who now wields the pen, dedicate her feeble powers to their cause, while at this epoch, the eve of the commencement of the nineteenth century, she hopes, though amid the tumults of war, and the jarring of parties, to awaken British humanity (to which the unfortunate never yet appealed in vain) in behalf of her suffering sisters. To prevent the growth of immorality at home (which, if not checked, must in time spread devastation over the land);

to open an asylum for industrious poverty under a fragile form, who hopes to receive protection and support, till she is so habituated to labour, as to procure by her own exertions a maintenance, will surely be an employment as befitting the character of Christian legislators, as any which have yet engrossed their attention, not excepting the humane efforts of those, whose pious desire it is that slavery may be banished from the face of the earth. When catholic institutions of this nature are permitted to take root, and to flourish, in a country to whose interests they must, from the very nature of things, be hostile, it surely behoves all who venerate the established religion, to endeavour to counteract the pernicious effects of such establishments, by affording to the virtuously disposed children of affliction, that shelter which they offer; in return for which great benefit they will not be required to immolate at the shrine of false devotion, those feelings and affections wisely implanted in our bosoms by the Author of Nature; the attempt to eradicate which, tends to destroy the links by which the human race may be considered as one great family!"

The Life of Ezra Stiles, D. D. LL. D. President of Yale College. By Abiel Holmes, A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge. Printed at Boston in America. Sold by Wiche, Beech Street. 7s.

DR. Stiles appears to have been a man of considerable learning and unaffected piety. This life is written by his son-in-law, and does credit both to his talents and feelings. His father seems to have been acquainted with many celebrated characters; and here occur many anecdotes tending to their illustration. The subject of this biography was born in December 1727, and died May 1795. Over the characters of such men, ought not to wave the raven plume of oblivion.

The following paragraph is particularly entitled to attention.

“ To his old and respected friend, Dr. Franklin, he wrote a letter, January 28, 1790, soliciting his portrait for Yale College. In this letter he delicately expresses his desire to know the Doctor's sentiments on Christianity. “ You know, sir, I am a Christian, and would to heaven all others were as I am, except my imperfections. As much as I know of Dr. Franklin, I have not an idea of his religious sentiments. I wish to know the opinion of my venerable friend concerning Jesus of Nazareth. He will not impute this to impertinence or improper curiosity in one, who for many years has continued to love, estimate, and reverence his abilities and literary character with an ardour of affection. If I have said too much, let the request be blotted out, and be no more.”

The Doctor, in his reply to the President, March 9, observed, “ I do not take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour, in a few words, to gratify it. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the *best* the world *ever saw or is likely to see* ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity.”

A noble testimony this to the *excellence* of Christianity by Dr. Franklin, a month only before his decease ; for he died the 17th of April, 1790. May this confession have its due influence on the unbelievers of the present day.

Dangerous Sports, a Tale, addressed to Children, warning them against wanton, careless, or mischievous Exposure to Situations, from which alarming Injuries so often proceed. Dedicated to Parents and Schoolmastess. By James Parkinson. Symonds, 2s.

THE indefatigable author of the *Medical Admonitions*, and the *Chemical Pocket Book*, has here converted his talents to the instruction of children. We commend his reiterated labours for the good of mankind; but his benevolence in the present undertaking entitles him to the fervent gratitude of young persons, who by their volatility oftentimes injure themselves in a manner which baffles recovery. *Who knows but one of my stories may one day save the life of some child?* is, therefore, the motto of this publication.

To apply our powers successfully to a variety of objects is the indisputable characteristic of a superior mind. Among the encomiums passed by Johnson on Dr. Watts occurs this remark. "Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility can teach."

As a specimen of this ingenious and very useful tale, we bring forward *two* extracts, which we are persuaded will create a desire of perusing the whole of this little work. Indeed, parents and tutors are in duty bound to put so engaging a piece into the hands of the rising generation.

"BENEVOLENCE ON CRUTCHES.

"Lame Millson lived in a little hut he had partly built and partly dug for himself, out of the side of a high and

craggy mountain, near to a bye-road in the West of England. One very dreadful evening in December, when the sharp cold wind drove the snow and sleet in at the cracks of the window, and under the door, poor Millson, who was busy in making up his fire, with the bits of dead wood he had gathered off the heath the day before, thought he heard, between the gusts of wind, the faint cries of some one in deep distress. Now poor lame Millson wore a patched, but clean, drab coat; he also used crutches, and was deformed in his shape; he therefore hardly ever went to the neighbouring village without being hooted, and even pelted at by the boys; but they little knew how good a creature they abused. He listened again, and thought the noise lessened; but was more convinced it was a fellow-creature, in pain and misery. That was enough for him, he snatched up his crutches and opened the door; he then could hear the cries so plain as to be able to tell, that they proceeded from the side of the road, at a little distance from his poor hovel.

“He set off therefore as fast as he could, and when he arrived at the spot he found a little boy weltering in blood, which had stained the snow around him. Come, my little man, said he, let me lift you up, that you may walk to my house; and there I'll be your nurse. But alas! the poor fellow could not speak, nor had he power to move; and when Millson laid hold of his hand, he found it as cold as ice; his cries too had now entirely stopped, so that the old man concluded, if he was not already dead, he must certainly die in a very little time. He therefore tried repeatedly to raise him, but all in vain; for as his crutches required both hands, he was unable to carry him, although he could raise him with one hand, whilst he supported himself by leaning on his crutch with the other.

“What could he now do? There seemed to be no hopes of getting the poor boy to his fire-side. But the compassionate man will always contrive means to help a fellow-creature; and Millson was not one who would let a trifle hinder him from doing a good action. So he returned with all the speed his crutches could give him, and got back to his hut. There, out of one corner he took a rope, and tied its two ends to the upper part of the back of a chair; he then slipped the middle part, over his head, on to his chest,

where, to prevent its slipping lower, he tied it to his button, with a piece of packthread; and then set off again as fast as he could, dragging the chair behind him.

But when he came to the poor boy, he no longer moaned, nor could he find that he even breathed. Now was the heart of poor Millson almost broken—‘Ah, dear fellow,’ said he, ‘how happy should I have been to have saved your life, but as it is, you shall not lay here all night;’ and stooping down, he, with some difficulty, got him placed in the chair, which he very carefully drew back to his hut.

“He now lighted a candle, and looked at the poor boy till the tears ran down his cheeks; and had just begun to exclaim ‘poor fellow!’ when he thought he saw his chest move. He wiped his eyes with the skirt of his coat, and looked again; and now exclaimed, ‘Mercy on me he does breathe.’ The tears now ran down his cheeks faster than ever; but these were tears of joy: his delight was almost more than his heart could bear. He hopped about his little cavern, happier than an emperor ever was in this world.

“With much labour, he placed him on his bed on the ground—for poor Millson lay on the ground. He then warmed a little milk, and with a tea-spoon poured a little into his mouth; and could you but have seen how he hung over him, with his eyes fixed on him, his mouth half open, every feature motionless, still as a statue,—all his senses seemed to be employed in watching whether he swallowed or not. He did swallow; and the happiness of Millson was even greater than it was before.

He now washed his face, and when he had removed the blood, he found a wound on the forehead, from which the blood yet flowed. This he soon stopped, and dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. He then got off his clothes, and put him into the bed; rubbing and chafing his cold limbs between whiles, and frequently putting a little of the warm milk into his mouth. Thus he attended him all night.

“As the morning began to dawn, Millson watched at the window in hopes to see some passenger; for, thought he, the parents of this dear child are now, I dare say, almost distracted, and he cannot yet speak to tell me where they live. He had watched some time, when he saw a pedlar

passing by, whom he called in; and after asking where he was going to, he begged him to mention at a house or two, of the nearest villages he passed through, that a poor little wounded boy lay in his cottage.

Soon after this the little boy awaked, and was not a little startled at seeing his strange bed-room and nurse. 'Where am I,' said he, 'and pray Sir, who are you?' addressing Millson. 'My dear,' he answered, 'you are in the hut of one who is proud to wait on you.' 'Thank you, Sir,' said he, 'but pray how came I here, and this blood too?'—'Be still, my dear,' said Millson, 'I believe you had a fall. I last night found you on the side of the road; but pray what is your name?' 'George Henneth,' he answered, and at this moment Mr. Henneth, who lived at a neat white house, built almost adjoining to the venerable ruins of a castle, just out of a village about two miles distance, came with his servant, both on horseback, to see whether it was his son, who had been missing ever since about dusk the evening before. As soon as he had alighted, he ran into the cavern, where he saw his son stretched on the bed, and old Millson very busily attending him.

"After caressing his child, and showing his gratitude to Millson, Mr. Henneth enquired of him the particular circumstances which had thus brought his son under his protection; but Millson could only relate to him the particulars of his finding him bleeding, at the side of the road the evening before. Any enquiry of the child was not only useless, but even dangerous; for he was already so faint from the loss of blood he had sustained, and so overcome with delight at the sight of his father, that he was now unable to speak: so that how he came where Millson found him, still remained a mystery.

"Finding him in so weak a state, Mr. Henneth concluded it would not be safe to remove him, until he had obtained the advice of his surgeon; for whom he directly sent his servant, he returning home himself, to acquaint Mrs. Henneth with the discovery he had made. On his return to Millson's hut, or rather cavern, in the rock, he was soon joined by the surgeon, who was beginning to examine the child's head, when he said, 'I perceive, Sir, it has been dressed by a surgeon, and with so much propriety, that a

removal of the dressings is at present unnecessary; as the gentleman who has dressed it can furnish us with an account of the size and nature of the wound.' 'Here,' said Mr. Henneth, 'then is that gentleman,' pointing to old Millson. The surgeon turned round, astonished; and was still more so, when Millson gave him such an account of the injury the child had suffered, and of the treatment he had adopted, as proved that he possessed a considerable degree of surgical knowledge. But how this poor old man, living in this strange dwelling, came by his knowledge, neither of them presumed to ask. The surgeon only said, from the account he had received, he had no doubt but the child must soon have perished, but for the assistance he had received; and that he saw no reason why he might not be removed home in any easy carriage.

"This was accordingly done; but for the sake of brevity, we will pass over Mr. and Mrs. Henneth's care and anxiety, the daily visits of enquiry made by Millson, and the gratitude expressed by George, for the old gentleman in the rock, who had saved his life; and bring you to the end of about a fortnight, when his recovery was so far accomplished, that Mr. Henneth ventured to enquire of him, as Millson sat by his bed-side, what he knew about the accident that had happened to him."

The following sketch is replete with instruction.

"The visit paid; and as much bustle, surprize, and alarm, as any moderate reader would wish for."

"When the morning came, Mr. Millson returned to his house, or rather cave in the rock, first expressing his hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henneth, for the kind and hospitable treatment they had afforded him; and begged the party would not be late before they honoured him with their visit.

"It was, at last, settled that they were to be with him by twelve o'clock, and Mr. Millson, taking Mr. Henneth aside, begged him, when they had arrived within a hundred yards of the house, to let George run forward to apprise him of their coming, and then whispered something in Mr. Henneth's ear.

"'Pray, Mr. Author, what did he say when he whispered

to him?'—'My charming little reader—Why, what do you suppose he spoke in a whisper?'—'Because he wished, I suppose, not to be heard by any one, but him to whom he spoke.'—'Then let us, my young friend, not make a breach in our good manners, but leave the secret between Mr. Henneth and his friend, old Millson, not doubting but that, at a proper time, if it be fit to be communicated, we shall become a party in the secret.'

"They were all anxious for the time to arrive, at which they were to be admitted to the honour of a visit at Mr. Millson's curious cave. When the time came, they all sat off as happy as princes, anticipating the delight they were about to experience.

"As they were going along, Mr. Henneth turned round, on hearing a noise behind, when he saw Thomas Wilkins laying on the ground, to all appearance lifeless, and Edward Harris hanging over him, under the greatest alarm. On enquiry, he found that in consequence of a little dispute, in which Thomas Wilkins had treated Edward Harris with a great deal of insolence and contempt; Edward, on the other's calling him a liar, had knocked him down by a blow on the side of his head. In a few moments, however, he recovered by the care of Mr. Henneth, when Edward flew to him, and, in the most affectionate manner, intreated his pardon, and begged his forgiveness. He then took Mr. Henneth by the hand, and said, 'But you, Sir, I fear, cannot forgive my ill behaviour.'—'Yes, Edward, I can, (said Mr. Henneth) but on the condition that you will consider the consequences of thus being led away by passion. Ponder, my dear fellow, a little on the escape you have had, and think what would have been the reflections, which would have ever tormented you, if you had thus robbed, in a fit of passion, a fellow-creature; a companion and play-mate, of his life!'—Edward promised to pay due attention to Mr. Henneth's cautions, and Thomas Wilkins being now recovered they pursued their walk.

"As soon as they arrived within sight of the house, Mr. Henneth told George that he might now run forwards, and inform Mr. Millson that the whole family was coming; for Mrs. Henneth, with the young Ladies, and even Joe, being of the party.

“ Away George ran, lifted the latch, and jumped joyfully in—but, in less than in a minute, the door opened again, and out flew George, wringing his hands in the deepest distress, and affected with the utmost alarm and terror. They all ran towards him, and asked, what could have happened to terrify him so?—‘ Oh, Sir, (cried George, addressing his father) I shall never be happy again! Oh, what a wicked wretch I am!’—‘ What, my dear, is the matter?’—‘ Poor Mr. Millson, (said George) that I should murder you!’—‘ What does the child mean?’ said Mrs. Henneth.—‘ Alas! I have killed my dear friend, my good Mr. Millson.’—‘ My dear child, (said Mr. Henneth) collect yourself. Be cool, explain yourself, and tell us particularly what has happened.’—‘ I will, as well as I can, (said George)—when I got into Mr. Millson’s room, he was sitting, in his old coat, asleep, by the fire, with his head laying on his hands on the table; and on the table was one of the pistols which used to be over his fire-place. As he was asleep, I did not know whether I ought to awake him; and I acknowledge I very imprudently attempted to take up the pistol to look at it; but directly I touched it, it went off, and as I happened to hold it directed towards him, the whole of its contents, I suppose, are lodged in his poor head, for he directly fell motionless on the floor.’—We have not pretended to insert half of the numerous breaks and interruptions which disjoined poor George’s story, nor have we blotted our paper with his tears. His distress was beyond description.

“ The whole party now made all the haste they could, and rushed into the room, but were hindered from examining the fallen lifeless mass, by the sudden opening of a door on one side of the fire-place, and hearing a hollow voice say, ‘ Enter here, and fear nothing.’—They all now passed into this room, and as soon as they had all got in, the door flew to with so much violence, as to seem to shake the rock itself. They were now involved in the deepest darkness, this room having before been only enlightened by the light which had come in at the door, which was now shut so close that no efforts of Mr. Henneth could open it.

“ They had not remained long in this dreadful situation when they heard very near them the soft breathings of a flute, which sounded most melodiously, and almost made them

forget the horrors of the moment; when suddenly, at the farther end of the cave, they beheld a face which had somewhat of the human form, but was rendered terrific by shining with a strong vivid blue light. This they had scarcely beheld a minute, when it disappeared, and the music again commenced. Scarcely had this continued a minute, when the face again appeared, but now it was illuminated by frequent flashes, and volumes of fire which came rolling out at its mouth. The music now was again heard, the face disappeared, and they heard a door gently creak on its hinges.

“Whilst waiting very anxiously to see who should enter, they heard the music again; but at a greater distance. In a moment after, another door flew open, to which, as the light rushed in there, they all flew; but guess their wonder, when they passed into a little apartment, in which, although it was December, roses, pinks, and jasmine, were blowing, with the most delightful fragrance, and numerous other plants displaying their beauties and diffusing their odours. No pen can describe the astonishment which might be now seen in every countenance; but soon was their astonishment increased, for George looking through the window, joined his hands together, danced in an agony of joy, and with the tears flowing from his eyes, from the sweet poignancy of delight, exclaimed, ‘Oh, look! look!’—They all looked through the window, and beheld Mr. Millson, very composedly at work in a little garden.

“The door which opened from this little hot-house into the garden was now soon found, and away they all flew to Millson, who laughed most heartily as they came round him. Joe, however, kept a most respectful distance; nay, if he could at that moment have flown a hundred miles from him, he undoubtedly would have done so. ‘It may (says Joe to himself) be old Millson, but how can that be, when he now lies dead in the front room? aye, aye, aye! laugh on, Mr. Devil, you don’t catch me near you.’—And truly did Joe keep to his word; for, during their stay in the garden, Joe took care to keep as far from him as possible. The young folks all clung close to Millson, begging to know how he had brought himself to life again, and praying to know who was that dreadful man with a face of fire?—Mr. Henneth himself, with a laugh, said, ‘Well, Mr. Millson, I must confess,

notwithstanding the notice you gave me in a whisper this morning, I am quite at a loss with respect to several circumstances I have this day witnessed; so pray favour us with a thorough explanation.'—'Well, (says Millson) my welcome guests follow me.' He now returned into the greenhouse, and thence into the room they had last quitted; but here Joe thought it would be as well not to enter, and therefore kept aloof. 'Come, Joe, come along,' says Mr. Millson.—'Not I indeed, Sir (said Joe) except I can be assured that *Old Fiery Face* is not there.'—'Come along Joe, (said Mr. Henneth) I'll insure your safety.'—Joe now came in, and the door was again shut, and all in darkness; but, by touching a spring, the blind, which covered the window, flew up, and showed the garden they had just quitted. The light, thus admitted, showed the room to be rather spacious, with the sides covered with books, with a telescope, globes, and other philosophical instruments; and, in the middle of the room, a table set out with cakes and a bottle or two of currant wine. He now having seated his guests, and supplied them with refreshment, told them, he would keep them no longer in suspense, but would proceed to explain all the wonders they had beheld, as well as the motives which had induced him to take the part in them he had.' No great difficulty existed in obtaining silence, all were as still and as attentive as possible. Mr. Millson therefore thus addressed them:—'When, my young friend, George, came with Mr. Henneth, his father, to honour me with the invitation to enjoy those days of pleasantry we all have so charmingly passed, I saw that he fixed his eyes on my pistols; and it seemed with difficulty, indeed, that he could keep from beholding them; I was then convinced that his curiosity was so much excited, and such a propensity to meddle with fire arms created, that nothing but some strong and striking circumstance could counteract. For this purpose, therefore, having you know had a new coat to pay my visit in to Edley Castle, I this morning stuffed my old coat full of straw and rags, I then placed it in a chair, in the position George found it, with its face, for the better concealment, seemingly leaning on the table. I also loaded one of the pistols with powder, fastened it to the table, and tied a string to the trigger, which I brought through this hole in the door into this room, whilst I watched his

agreeable consequences might be the result of attempting to perform them without the necessary previous information. When I found George was undoubtedly stricken with a propensity to play with fire-arms, I was determined, if possible, to show him what ticklish things they are; and to impress on his mind, as strongly as possible, how much caution is necessary in meddling with them; and the dangerous consequences which may follow their being more improperly meddled with. For this purpose I played him that trick, which, I believe, made some impression on you all; and, for the same reason, I shall now beg you seriously to consider the dreadful mischiefs which may follow from admitting gun-powder and fire-arms among the number of your amusements.'—'Well, but (said Charles Vincent) may we not play with gun-powder, and cannons, and fire-works, if we take care?'—'Take care, indeed, (said Mr. Millson) you're a fine fellow to talk of taking care; yes, young Pickle, much might be allowed to depend on your care, no doubt; you all of you know Frank Russel, who did live at Edley: for mischief he was equal to Charles Vincent himself, for precipitancy he was about a match for Harry Wilding, and for quickness of mind equal to any I now have the pleasure to speak to. Yet see how little may be depended on the care of young folks, and even of those of good abilities. He had purchased a little brass cannon and an ounce of gun-powder; and having charged his cannon, was proceeding to discharge it, when he found the priming would not light. He tried fresh priming, but in vain, and again, and again; until his patience being worn out, he thrust his lighted stick into the paper of gun-powder; but this was so damp it did not directly take fire, he therefore then took the paper in one hand, and applied the lighted stick with the other hand, and it not taking fire even now, he raised the gun-powder to his face, and blew on the lighted stick, when the powder immediately exploded, burning the whole of his face in so dreadful a manner, that for several days it could not be determined whether he would ever recover his sight, and had it not been for the properly directed-and unremitting efforts of his affectionate mother, he must have been so frightfully scarred, as to have been dreadful to view. Therefore, my dear fellows, remember the fate of Frank Russel; and consider also, that

motions through this hole. Directly as I saw him touch the pistol, I pulled the string, the pistol went off; then pulling another string fastened to the chair in which my representative was placed, down he fell, and away run poor George. I then prepared for your reception in the other room, pulled open the door, called you in, with a feigned voice, and then let the door fall violently to. I then took up my little flute, and played a bar or two of the slow movement in the overture to Artaxerxes; and then clapped on a mask, I had previously rubbed with phosphorus. This being removed, I again took my flute, and, after performing a little time, I played off a chymical trick, by which I appeared to breathe flames. When you heard the door creak, I made my escape into the garden, and pulled the door open which led you into the green-house. Thus are all the mysteries explained; and now for the motives which induced me to play you these strange tricks.

“My intention in playing those little tricks, both to-day and yesterday evening, which excited, perhaps, some little terror in your minds, was that of shewing you the folly of supposing every strange appearance to be something out of the ordinary course of nature, and the weakness of allowing yourselves, so to be overcome by terror on such occasions, as to be deprived of the power of making the necessary examination. It is no wonder that any one, who allows his mind so to be engrossed with terror on such occasions, and who so yields up the powers of the mind, as to let such circumstances pass without examination, should refer every thing, in the least out of the common way, to witches, ghosts, fairies, &c. How much more proper was the conduct of my little heroine, who when the bloody ghost appeared, went directly up to it, and made that discovery which dispelled all fear. Another remark I must make respecting those experiments by which I have lately so much engaged your attention; which is, that you should carefully obtain all the instruction you are able, concerning the principles by which such extraordinary effects are produced: and then these experiments may become to you, not merely a source of amusement, but the means of important instruction. But some degree of scientific knowledge is necessary to be possessed by those who choose thus rationally to amuse themselves, since dis-

although his misfortune was in fact the consequence of extreme thoughtlessness, yet, with such inflammable matter as gun-powder, no caution may be sufficient to secure from dreadful accidents. As to sporting with fire-arms, it will be surely sufficient to relate to you an accident or two, and leave your own good sense to make the proper inferences respecting the great degree of caution necessary in meddling with these horrid instruments of slaughter.”

The Lady's and Gentleman's Botanical Pocket Book, adapted to Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, intended to facilitate and promote the Study of Indigenous Botany. By William Mavor, LL. D. Vernor and Hood. 3s. boards.

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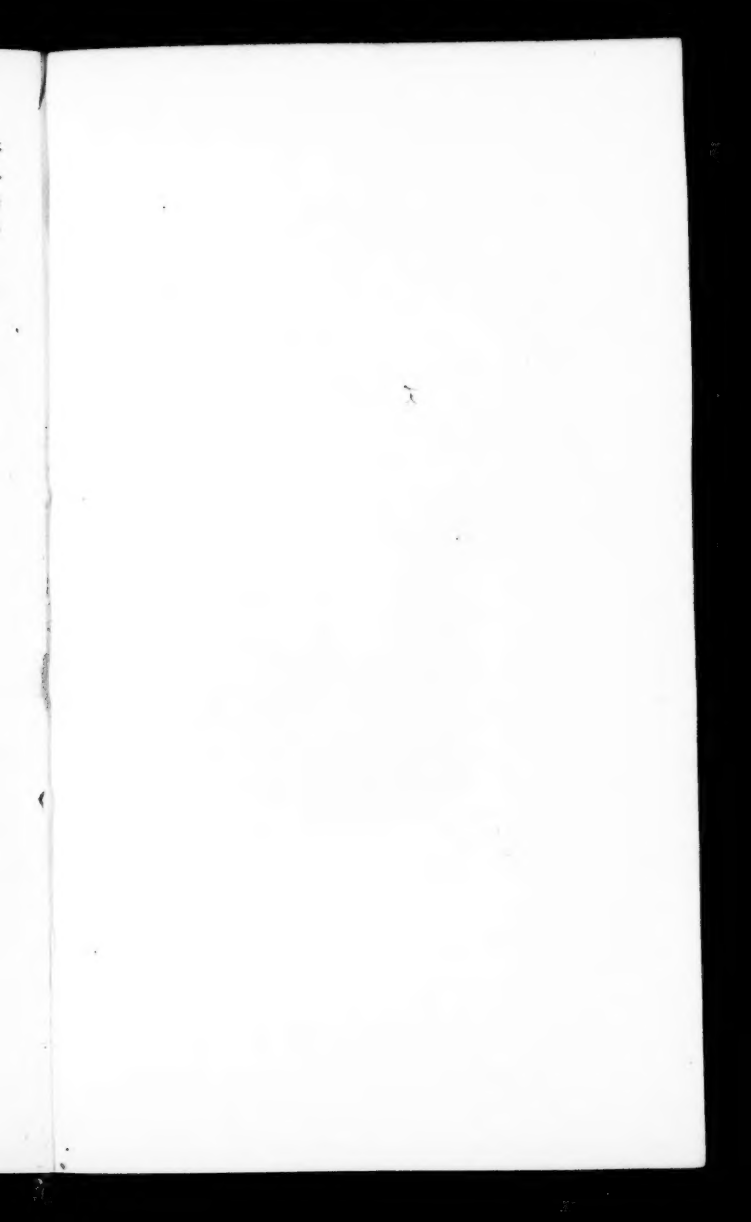
lity with which every addition to our vegetable discoveries may be noted down, and it will infallibly gratify the young student, by affording a lasting remembrance of his diligence and application.

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Nothing more need be said to recommend this ingenious and useful publication.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be much obliged to J. C. for a concise *Selection of Passages and Anecdotes from Plutarch*—it will be an acceptable present to our work. His *Life of Socrates* afforded our readers great satisfaction. The extracts from *Manuscript Letters* offered us by *Sophia*, we shall gratefully receive, but hope she will also continue to favour us with some of her own original compositions, either in prose or poetry. *Mary's Grave*, by her friend (a beautiful piece) shall appear in our next Number, together with the *Extract*, which we have entitled the *Happy Monk*. *St. Clair*, we trust, will continue to enrich our MISCELLANY. *The Address to the Skeleton* is admissible. The *Sigh*, by *Anna Maria*, shall be inserted and we hope this ingenious lady will favour us with more of her communications. *Ode on the Death of General Washington* in the next number of our Miscellany.





Hell sc.

Rev. Sam. Parr LL.D.

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